POEMS OF THE INNER LIFE.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

POEMS

OF

THE INNER LIFE.

SELECTED

CHIEFLY FROM MODERN AUTHORS.

NEW EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE,
CROWN BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET.
1872.

PREFACE.

A GLANCE at the Contents of this volume, and at the list of Authors from whose works the poems which it contains have been selected, will, perhaps, sufficiently show its general character and purpose.

It is a collection, not of sacred poetry, in the usual, technical sense of the term, but of poems which, without being ecclesiastical or theological, may be called religious, in so far as they have power to strengthen religious faith or to deepen religious impressions, and to express or suggest the spiritual significance of Nature and of Human Life. They have been selected according to a sense of what most nearly touches the heart and mind in our best and most earnest hours; and they reflect many moods of the soul, from that of questioning, and longing, and vague pathetic sadness, to the clear assurance of faith, and the peace and joy of communion with God.

Nothing has been chosen which has not seemed to have the mark of sincerity, and to show a real power of spiritual insight or feeling; and the selection has been tried by as high a standard as was practicable of literary and artistic value.

The difficulty, as may be supposed, has been, not to find materials for such a work, but to know how to select from the rich stores that were open to choose from. Those poems have, for the most part, been omitted which are contained in the numerous hymn-books and familiar volumes of sacred verse; while a special pleasure has been taken in calling the reader's attention to many less-known poems, which are not unworthy to have a place side by side with those which every lover of high and noble poetry has long known and delighted in.

In the plan and arrangement of the book nothing like an accurate classification of subjects has been attempted; but a few general divisions have been adopted, which may serve so to group the poems as to avoid any manifest incongruity in the order in which they stand.

In all cases the original text has been adhered to,

whenever it could be procured; and the very few omissions which have been made will be found mentioned in the notes at the end of the volume.

I beg to thank most sincerely the authors, publishers, and other owners of copyright, who have so kindly and willingly given me permission to reprint the poems which I had selected.

R. C. J.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

In bringing out a new edition, the opportunity has been taken of carefully revising the collection. The poems, both old and new, have been compared again with the originals, and, in those by writers still living, the authors' latest corrections or alterations have been introduced. The grouping of the poems has been slightly altered and simplified; a hundred fresh ones have been added, and about half that number omitted.

CONTENTS.

BOOK FIRST.—NATURE.

GIFTS.

LESSONS.

BOOK SECOND.—LIFE.

DUTY.

LOVE.

PEACE.

CHANGES, REGRETS, LONGINGS.

BOOK I.

NATURE.

Gifts.

THE INNER VISION.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WORDSWORTH.

THE GLORY OF NATURE.

IF only once the chariot of the morn
  Had scattered from its wheels the twilight dun,
  But once the unimaginable sun
Flashed godlike through perennial clouds forlorn,
And shown us Beauty for a moment born;

If only once blind eyes had seen the Spring,
  Waking amid the triumphs of mid-noon;
  But once had seen the lovely Summer boon
Pass by in state like a full-robèd king,
The waters dance, the woodlands laugh and sing;

If only once deaf ears had heard the joy
  Of the wild birds, or morning breezes blowing,
  Or silver fountains from their caverns flowing,
Or the deep-voicèd rivers rolling by;
Then night eternal fallen from the sky;

If only once weird Time had rent asunder
  The curtain of the clouds, and shown us night
  Climbing into the awful Infinite—
Those stairs whose steps are worlds, above and under,
Glory on glory, wonder upon wonder!

The lightnings lit the earthquake on his way;
  The sovran thunder spoken to the world;
  The realm-wide banners of the wind unfurled;
Earth-prisoned fires broke loose into the day;
Or the great seas awoke—then slept for aye!—

Ah! sure the heart of man, too strongly tried
By Godlike Presences so vast and fair,
Withering with dread, or sick with love's despair,
Had wept for ever and to Heaven cried,
Or, struck with lightnings of delight, had died.

But he, though heir of Immortality,
With mortal dust too feeble for the sight,
Draws through a veil God's overwhelming light;
Use arms the soul—anon there moveth by
A more majestic angel—and we die!

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
'Thanks be to heaven,' in happy mood I said,
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!'

CHARLES TURNER.

THE FOREST GLADE.

AS, one dark morn, I trod a forest glade,
A sunbeam entered at the further end,
And ran to meet me through the yielding shade—
As one who in the distance sees a friend,
And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes,
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,
Received the greeting with a quick surprise
At first, and then with tears of pure delight:
For sad my thoughts had been—the tempest's wrath
Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow grey;
That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath
Had turned my feet into that forest-way,
Just when His morning light came down the path,
Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TURNER.

MAY CAROLS.

I.

WHO feels not, when the Spring once more
Stepping o'er Winter's grave forlorn
With winged feet retreads the shore
Of widowed Earth, his bosom burn?

As ordered flower succeeds to flower,
And May the ladder of her sweets
Ascends, advancing hour by hour
From scale to scale, what heart but beats?

Some Presence veiled, in fields and groves,
  That mingles rapture with remorse,
Some buried joy beside us moves,
  And thrills the soul with such discourse

As they, perchance, that wondering pair
  Who to Emmaus bent their way,
Hearing, heard not; like them our prayer
  We make—'The night is near us . . Stay!'

With Paschal chants the churches ring,
  Their echoes strike along the tombs;
The birds their Hallelujahs sing;
  Each flower with floral incense fumes.

Our long-lost Eden seems restored;
  As on we move with tearful eyes
We feel through all the illumined sward
  Some upward-working Paradise.

II.

Three worlds there are:—the first of Sense—
  That sensuous earth which round us lies;
The next of Faith's Intelligence;
  The third of Glory, in the skies.

The first is palpable, but base;
  The second heavenly, but obscure;
The third is starlike in the face—
  But ah! remote that world as pure!

Yet, glancing through our misty clime,
  Some sparkles from that loftier sphere
Make way to earth;—then most what time
  The annual spring-flowers reappear.

Amid the coarser needs of earth
  All shapes of brightness, what are they
But wanderers exiled from their birth,
  Or pledges of a happier day?

Yea, what is Beauty, judged aright,
  But some surpassing, transient gleam;
Some smile from heaven, in waves of light,
  Rippling o'er life's distempered dream?

Or broken memories of that bliss
  Which rushed thro' first-born Nature's blood
When He who ever was and is
  Looked down and saw that all was good?

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

EVENTIDE.

COMES something down with eventide,
  Beside the sunset's golden bars,
Beside the floating scents, beside
  The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,
  Flash after flash, the white
Broke up in many a shallow place;
  The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream:
  —How many a marvellous power
Sleeps in us—sleeps, and doth not dream!
  This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,
  No more was in me stirred;
My life was in the river's life,
  And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one:
  The shade beneath the bank,
I felt it cool; the setting sun
  Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene
  I was; the mystery
I felt of having ever been,
  And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?
  I know not; but I mourned
When, from that realm of awful power,
  I to these fields returned.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

MAN.

MY God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is every thing,
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a Palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!

Till then, afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
  If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
  What man has made of man?

WORDSWORTH.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
  Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows on the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky.
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;

And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said 'I covet Truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,—
I leave it behind with the games of youth.'
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath:
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity.
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird:

Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE RAINBOW.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old—
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

AN EVENING VOLUNTARY.

Composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty.

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail mortality may see—
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!

Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme.

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried,
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!

From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed,
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendant hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh! let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored,
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
—'Tis past! the visionary splendour fades,
And Night approaches with her shades.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

THE year lies dying in this evening light;
The poet, musing in autumnal woods,
Hears melancholy sighs
Among the withered leaves.

Not so—but like a spirit glorified
The angel of the year departs, lays down
His robes, once green in spring,
Or bright with summer's blue,

And, having done his mission on the earth,
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
Orchards with rosy fruit,
And scattering flowers around,—

He lingers for a moment in the west,
With the declining sun sheds over all
A pleasant, farewell smile,
And so returns to God.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE SEA.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WORDSWORTH.

LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on re-visiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13th, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half-create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

WORDSWORTH.

Lessons.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

OF this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending every where,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare—
In every page, no period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if, by chance, we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

LOVE OF NATURE.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
  Is joined through some dear home-born tie;
The life of all that we behold
  Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
  The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
  We gaze, we also learn to love.

WORDSWORTH.

INSIGHT.

I GRIEVE not that ripe knowledge takes away
  The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art.
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes;
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense:
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

'To win the secret of a weed's plain heart.'—LOWELL.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long!
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still!

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek!

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—

For your teaching, ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new!
Whence arisen,—if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears but dew.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MY DOVES.

'O Weisheit! du red'st wie eine Taube!'—GOETHE.

MY little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest,
Or motion, from the sea;
For, ever there the sea-winds go
With sun-lit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond
And green leaves round, to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! Of living loves
  Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likest moves
  To lifeless intonation,
The lovely monotone of springs
And winds and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
  From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling grey,
  And tempest-clouded airs;
My little doves, who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue

And now, within the city prison,
  In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
  For sounds of past content,
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,
  The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
  Man's cold metallic heart,
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
  Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
  What human musings mean,

(Their eyes with such a plaintive shine
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest
  Beneath the sunny zone;
For love that stirred it in their breast
  Has not aweary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills
  With pastoral memories;
All echoings from out the hills,
  All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
  My little doves! to move
Along the city ways with heart
  Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream—
  More hard, in Babel's street:
But if the soulless creatures deem
  Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let *us* begin,
Who wear immortal wings within!

To me fair memories belong
  Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song
  And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade
  For flowers the valley yields;
I will have humble thoughts instead
  Of silent, dewy fields:
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
  While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
  Thy solitary way?

  Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limned upon the crimson sky,
  Thy figure floats along.

  Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE REDBREAST IN SEPTEMBER.

THE morning mist is cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is grey,
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirred the grove ;
Faded, yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene ;
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of calm decay,
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather, in all, to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened ear
Of her whom Heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain ! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing, so thankful, to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast :

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,
Th' appalling Future as it nearer draws;
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what God will do,
As o'er the church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
There seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found
When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense, or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?

Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
  To the inward ear devout,
Touched by light, with heavenly warning
  Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
  Winding shore, or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
  Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,—
Homely scenes and simple views,
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
  Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
  O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,

And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
  Patiently she droops awhile;
But, when showers and breezes hail her,
  Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
  Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply, half in fancy grieving
  For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
  Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
  All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

JOHN KEBLE.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye,
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of purest sky,
An azure disc—shield of tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

WORDSWORTH.

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE PLOUGH.

TYPE of celestial labour, toil divine,
That nightly downward from the glistening skies
Showerest thy light on these expectant eyes!
Around thee, in their stations, ever shine
Full many a radiant shape and emblemed sign;
Swords, sceptres, crowns, bright tresses, galaxies
Of all that soaring fancy can devise—
Yet none, methinks, so truly great as thine!

On, ever on! while He who guides thee flings
His golden grain along the azure way
Do thou thy sleepless work and, toiling, say,
'O men, so sedulous in trivial things,
Why faint amid your loftier labours? Why
Forget the starry seed, and harvests of the sky?'

AUBREY DE VERE.

QUIET WORK.

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose—
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Symbols.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

'The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.'

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
  A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
  Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
  That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat,
  Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in Heaven—
  What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
  Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
  Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
  The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
  It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
  By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
  With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
  Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
  Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
  Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within
  Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
  And read Thee every where.

JOHN KEBLE.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
  Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
  Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
  Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
  ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
  Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
  A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
  Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SKYLARK.

HOW the blithe Lark runs up the golden stair
  That leads thro' cloudy gates from heaven to earth,
And, all alone in the empyreal air,
  Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth;
    How far he seems, how far,
      With the light upon his wings;
    Is it a bird, or star,
      That shines and sings?

What matter if the days be dark and frore,
  That sunbeam tells of other days to be,
And, singing in the light that floods him o'er,
  In joy he overtakes Futurity;
    Under cloud-arches vast
      He peeps, and sees behind
    Great Summer coming fast
      Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drowned;
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As tho' the stormy drops were turned to sound;
And now he issues thro',
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hushed, that I may hear
The wond'rous things he tells the world below;
Things that we dream of he is watching near,
Hopes that we never dreamed he would bestow.
Alas! the storm hath rolled
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All heaven to men!

So the victorious Poet sings alone,
And fills with light his solitary home,
And thro' that glory sees new worlds foreshown,
And hears high songs and triumphs yet to come;
He waves the air of time
With thrills of golden chords,
And makes the world to climb
On linkèd words.

What if his hair be grey, his eyes be dim,
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold;
Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him,
Truth never fails, nor beauty waxeth old;

More than he tells, his eyes
Behold, his spirit hears,
Of grief, and joy, and sighs
'Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who with the sound of song
Can charm away the heartache, and forget
The frost of penury, and the stings of wrong,
And drown the fatal whisper of regret!
Darker are the abodes
Of kings, tho' his be poor,
While fancies, like the gods,
Pass through his door.

Singing thou scalest heaven upon thy wings,
Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies;
He maketh his own sunrise while he sings,
And turns the dusty earth to Paradise;
I see thee sail along
Far up the sunny streams,
Unseen, I hear his song,
I see his dreams.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

A LITTLE child lay on its mother's knee
In shade of summer boughs; and that fond mother
Waved in one hand the flowers of a wild tree,
And a fair branch of fruitage in the other.

Longing he lay, and glancing his blue eyes
  From one to other—for his will was loth
To fix its choice—he sighed his first-born sighs,
  Stretched out both arms, and would have clutched
    them both.

A grey old man peeped thro' the leaves, and blessed
  That lovely child—then sadly turned apart,
And, sitting down a little from the rest,
  Sighed, as he murmured thus to his own heart :—

Within the violet's cup no nectar flows,
  Tho' its rich breath fills the delighted air ;
When the ripe fruit is glistening on the boughs
  The lovely blossom is no longer there :

When the young sun is arming him at morn,
  His beauty makes sweet rainbows in the sky ;
But, when his wheels are up the zenith borne,
  He hath no power for such soft magist'ry :

When the swift heart of the enchanted boy
  Speaks through his downy cheeks and starry eyes,
An hour of love is worth eternal joy,
  And beauty all the treasures of the wise ;

But when the time-worn heart begins to bud
  With leaves of truth, like the autumnal green,
No pulse of rapture stirs the drowsy blood,
  Scarce stirring with the pulses that have been.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
  And the eggs answered me again:
  Because we failed dost thou complain?
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
  Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
Should also take the rod?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

WHAT is it that is gone, we fancied ours?
  O what is lost that never may be told?—
We stray all afternoon, and we may grieve
Until the perfect closing of the night.
Listen to us, thou grey autumnal eve,
Whose part is silence. At thy verge the clouds
Are broken into melancholy gold;
The waifs of autumn and the feeble flowers
Glimmer along our woodlands in wet light;
Because within thy deep thou hast the shrouds
Of joy and great adventure, waxing cold,
Which once, or so it seemed, were full of might.
Some power it was, that lives not with us now,
A thought we had, but could not, could not hold.
O sweetly, swiftly passed!—air sings and murmurs;
Green leaves are gathering on the dewy bough:
O sadly, swiftly passed!—air sighs and mutters;
Red leaves are dropping on the rainy mould.
Then comes the snow, unfeatured, vast, and white.
O what is gone from us, we fancied ours?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime :
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
These voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips : they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.

And all mankind is thus at heart
Not any thing but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing:
We die
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THREE SONNETS.

THE MOTION OF THE MISTS.

HERE by the sunless lake there is no air,
Yet with how ceaseless motion, with how strange
Flowing and fading, do the high mists range
The gloomy gorges of the mountains bare.
Some weary breathing never ceases there,—
The ashen peaks can feel it hour by hour;
The purple depths are darkened by its power;
A soundless breath, a trouble all things share
That feel it come and go. See! onward swim
The ghostly mists, from silent land to land,
From gulf to gulf; now the whole air grows dim—
Like living men, darkling a space, they stand.
But lo! a Sunbeam, like the Cherubim,
Scatters them onward with a flaming brand.

CORUISK.

I think this is the very stillest place
On all God's earth, and yet no rest is here.
The vapours mirrored in the black loch's face
Drift on like frantic shapes and disappear;
A never-ceasing murmur in mine ear
Tells me of waters wild that flow and flow.
There is no rest at all, afar or near,
Only a sense of things that moan and go.
And lo! the still small life these limbs contain
I feel flows on like those, restless and proud;

Before that breathing nought within my brain
  Pauses, but all drifts on like mist and cloud;
Only the bald peaks and the stones remain,
  Frozen before Thee, desolate and bowed.

BUT WHITHER?

And whither, O ye vapours! do ye wend?
  Stirred by that weary breathing, whither away?
  And whither, O ye dreams! that night and day
Drift o'er the troublous life, tremble, and blend
To broken lineaments of that far Friend,
  Whose strange breath's come and go ye feel so deep?
  O Soul! that hast no rest and seekest sleep,
Whither? and will thy wanderings ever end?
All things that be are full of a quick pain;
  Onward we fleet, swift as the running rill,—
The vapours drift, the mists within the brain
  Float on obscuringly and have no will.
Only the bare peaks and the stones remain,
These only,—and a God sublime and still.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN THE SHADOWS.

DIE down, O dismal day! and let me live;
  And come, blue deeps! magnificently strewn
With coloured clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
  By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapour dense
  Creeps round my window till I cannot see

The far snow-shining mountains and the glens
  Shagging the mountain tops. O God! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold.
  Breathe gently forth thy Spring, till Winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
  While she performs her customed charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!

DAVID GRAY.

THE LUGGIE.

OH, sweet and still around the hill
  Thy silver waters, Brook, are creeping;
Beneath the hill as sweet and still
  Thy weary friend lies sleeping:
A laurel leaf is in his hair,
  His eyes are closed to human seeming,
And surely he hath dreams most fair,
  If he, indeed, be dreaming.

O Brook! he smiled, a happy child,
  Upon thy banks, and loved thy crying,
And, as time flew, thy murmur grew
  A trouble purifying;
Till, last, thy laurel leaf he took,
  Dream-eyed and tearful, like a woman,
And turned thy haunting cry, O Brook!
  To speech divine and human.

O Brook! in song full sweet and strong
  He sang of thee he loved so dearly;
Then softly creep around his sleep,
  And murmur to him cheerly;
For though he knows nor fret nor fear,
  Though life no more slips strangely through him,
Yet he may sleep more sound, to hear
  His friend so close unto him.

And when at last the sleepers cast
  Their swathes aside, and, wondering, waken,
Let thy friend be full tenderlie
  In silvern arms uptaken.
Him be it then thy task to bear
  Up to the Footstool, softly flowing,—
Smiles on his eyes, and in his hair
  Thy leaf of laurel blowing!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

'From Me is thy fruit found.'

DIE to thy root, sweet flower!
  If so God wills, die even to thy root;
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute,
Blank life, with darkness wrapped about thy head,
And fear not for the silence round thee spread.
This is no grave, though thou among the dead
Art counted, but the Hiding-place of Power.
  Die to thy root, sweet flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet flower!
When so God wills, spring even from thy root;
Send through the earth's warm breast a quickened shoot;
Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower,
And lift into the sunny air thy dower
Of bloom and odour. Life is on the plains,
And, in the woods, a sound of buds and rains
That sing together. Lo! the winter's cold
Is past, sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold;
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power:
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!

DORA GREENWELL.

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1842.

ONE month is past, another is begun,
Since merry bells rang out the dying year,
And buds of rarest green began to peer,
As if impatient for a warmer sun;
And, though the distant hills are bleak and dun,
The virgin snowdrop, like a lambent fire,
Pierces the cold earth, with its green-streaked spire;
And, in dark woods, the wandering little one
May find a primrose. Thus the better mind
Puts forth some flowers, escaped from Paradise,
Though faith be dim as faintest wintry skies,
And passion fierce as January wind.
O God, vouchsafe a sunbeam clear and kind,
To cheer the pining flow'ret ere it dies.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A SUMMER WISH.

LIVE all thy sweet life thro',
Sweet rose, dew-sprent;
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
Glad soaring bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh that it were with me
As with the flower,
Blooming on its own tree
For butterfly and bee
Its summer morns;
That I might bloom mine hour
A rose in spite of thorns.

Oh that my work were done
As birds' that soar
Rejoicing in the sun;
That when my time is run

And daylight too,
I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

OCTOBER.

FAIR leaf, so crisp and curled and yet so fair,
Whose veinèd purples shading into bronze
Make autumn lovely; is it hard, for once
To fall thus gently through the silent air
And die?

Fair bird, uprising from the startled brake
On wings that only bear thee into death,
Is it such pain, to leave thy haunt beneath
The hazels, and of wounds that man can make
To die?

Fair rose, yet lingering where yon topmost spray
Climbs through the trellis o'er the garden wall,
Is it such grief, to see thy petals fall
So fast, and, having watched them all away,
To die?

Thus while I sit and murmur, half in dreams,
Across the valley like a parted soul
Shoots the white steam of travel: though its goal
Be far, it dips into the earth, and seems
To die.

Ah then, I said, if death be only this—
  Through the dark hills a channel short and wide,
  That leads to sunshine on the other side—
Then better than the best of life it is
  To die.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
  We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see him
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But, gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, though congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the almighty Sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
  A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
  And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
  Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
  Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
  A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

PARTING GLEAMS.

THE lights o'er yonder snowy range
Shine yet, intense and tender;
Or, slowly passing, only change
From splendour on to splendour.

Before the dying eyes of Day
Immortal visions wander;
Dreams prescient of a purer ray,
And morn spread still beyond her.

Lo! heavenward now those gleams expire
In heavenly melancholy;
The barrier-mountains, peak and spire,
Relinquishing them slowly.

Thus shine, O God, our mortal powers,
While grief and joy refine them;
And, when in death they fade, be ours
Thus gently to resign them.

AUBREY DE VERE.

BOOK II.

LIFE.

Duty.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
  And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
  And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
  No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
  Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
  Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
  But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
  The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
  As is the smile upon thy face:

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;

And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

It is not so, but so it looks;
  And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
  His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
  Only by child-like love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
  Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
  When reason would not dare.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
  Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
  And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
  And beckons thee his road.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE MANLY LIFE.

THRICE happy he whose name is writ above,
  And doeth good though gaining infamy;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
  And recks not what befalls him outwardly:
Whose worth is in himself, and only bliss
In his pure conscience that doth nought amiss.

Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul,
  And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem;
Who can his passions master and control,
  And that true lordly manliness doth deem;
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his sprite.

So, when his sprite from this vain world shall flit,
  It bears all with it whatsoe'er was dear
Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
  As kindly ripened corn comes out of th' ear.
Thus, mindless of what idle men will say,
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

HENRY MORE.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;

'Doth God exact day labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

MILTON.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

NOT MADE IN VAIN.

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be—to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining, by its shade.
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the star-lit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew!
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer—
'Would'st thou *be* as they are? *Live* as they!

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.
Why?—self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
'Resolve to be thyself! and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides,
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling tasked morality—
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
'Ah, child!' she cries, 'that strife divine—
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

'There is no effort on *my* brow—
  I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
  In joy, and, when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

'I knew not yet the gauge of time,
  Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime—
  I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ALL SAINTS.

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
  I, though no churchman, love to keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
  In God's still memory folded deep.
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
  And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
  That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
  But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
  Sing with the welcome of their feet;

The den they enter grows a shrine,
  The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
  Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
  An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
  In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
  Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
  And sweetness of the farther shore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree,
  In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

I WILL ARISE.

WHO, toiling on the weary round of life,
But feels sometimes,—when all the way is dark,
And mists of sense and clouds of weariness
Close round him, and before him stretches out
Life's journey, an interminable moor,
And all the future like a barren road
Through the long waste of years,—lo, suddenly
The mists rise like a curtain, and he knows
The presence of the everlasting hills;
Height after height, peak after peak revealed;
The filmy downward cataract, the chill
Unearthly whiteness of untrodden snows;
And, somewhere in the space 'twixt them and heaven,
The eagle circling sunward! So his soul
Knows it must quit the smooth ignoble paths,
To tread on rugged heights, scale precipices,
Sway on the trembling bridge which spans the foam,
Creep where the thund'rous avalanche sweeps, the bolt
Shivers the patient rocks, feel the mad winds
Rush round him like a chaos. If he know
Something of new-born joy, yet is it dashed
With craven chills of fear; fain would he climb,
But looking upward dare not. Then, perchance,
Shines out athwart the gathered clouds of sense
The great sun's awful face; and lo! the snows
Which erewhile showed so cold, so deadly calm,
Redden with a blush of life; the light reveals,
High on the scarpèd cliffs, the giddy paths

Where men have trodden and lived. Then his whole
soul,
Stirred to the deeps of passionate utterance,
Cries loud, 'I will arise, I will arise;'
And, while the sun shines, climbs. Happy are they
On whom the clouds descend not to blot out
What glimpse they had of heaven. Some men there be
Who, toiling through the mist, ne'er see the sun,
And live a slavish life and know it not,
And die, poor souls! i' the plain. Others there be
Who, when in some chance ray they fain would rise,
The envious clouds shut out the face of heaven,
And they may mount no higher. Fewer still
Girding their loins, without a glance behind,
Mount ever upward in that mystical light,
Above the earth's gross humours, till the air
Grows purer, and the paths which seemed so steep,
Are smoothed before them and they tread the snows,
Where other footsteps few and rare shall come
In the efflux of the ages—storm and cloud
Left far beneath; God shining overhead;
And round them all the changeless calm of Heaven.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
  In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
  And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
  Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
  Which bloom their hour and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
  A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian Church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT chanced upon the merry merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moorland dreary—
'Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so cheery.
How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery.'

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing,
And a voice within cried—'Listen! Christmas carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing;
Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear thro' it angels singing.'

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EVERY DAY.

LET us not teach and preach so much,
But cherish, rather than profess;
Be careful how the thoughts we touch
Of God, and Love, and Holiness,—

A charm, most spiritual, faint,
And delicate, forsakes the breast,
Bird-like, when it perceives the taint
Of prying breath upon its nest.

Using, enjoying, let us live;
Set here to grow, what should we do
But take what soil and climate give?
For thence must come our sap and hue:

Blooming as sweetly as we may,
Nor beckon comers, nor debar
Let them take balm or gall away,
According as their natures are:

Look straight at all things from the soul,
But boast not much to understand;
Make each new action sound and whole,
Then leave it in its place unscanned:

Be true, devoid of aim or care;
Nor posture, nor antagonize:
Know well that clouds of this our air
But seem to wrap the mighty skies.

Search starry mysteries overhead,
  Where wonders gleam ; yet bear in mind
That Earth's our planet, firm to tread,
  Nor in the star-dance left behind :

For nothing is withheld, be sure,
  Our being needed to have shown ;
The far was meant to be obscure,
  The near was placed so to be known.

Cast we no astrologic scheme
  To map the course we must pursue ;
But use the lights whene'er they beam,
  And every trusty landmark too.

The Future let us not permit
  To choke us in its shadow's clasp ;
It cannot touch us, nor we it ;
  The present moment's in our grasp.

Soul severed from the Truth is Sin ;
  The dark and dizzy gulf is Doubt ;
Truth never moves,—unmoved therein,
  Our road is straight and firm throughout.

This road for ever doth abide.
  The universe, if fate so call,
May sink away on either side ;
  But This and God at once shall fall.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

PUSILLANIMITY.

'I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?'

HOW didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow!
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid
Beneath the Ascetic's port and Preacher's fire,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be chief, not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
  And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
  Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
  Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
  I love his precept more.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Discipline.

SEMITA JUSTORUM.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace:
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work his full behest.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

MAN.

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers;

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace:
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine;
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care:
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But, ever restless and irregular,
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where:
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which, in the darkest nights, point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave.

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us, said He, pour on him all We can:
Let the world's riches which dispersèd lie
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should, said He,
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts, instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,—
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, 'No more!
I will abroad.
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed!
I will abroad.

Call in thy death's-head there. Tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.'
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Child!'
And I replied, 'My Lord!'

GEORGE HERBERT.

JOY IN SORROW.

'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'

GIVE me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord,
And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear!
Although the world should waver in its sphere
I tremble not, if Thou thy peace afford.
But, Thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord
That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear;
Nor rest I more than harps which to the air
Must answer when we place their tuneful board
Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning woe
Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing
E'er sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place Thou
My heart beyond the World's sad vibrating:
And where but in Thyself? Oh, circle me,
That I may feel no touches save of Thee.

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

FIVE SONNETS FROM 'WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

I.

GO thou into thy closet; shut thy door;
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear.
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the spring;
A hope, that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

II.

Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense!
It is thy Duty waiting thee without.
Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt;
A hand doth pull thee—it is Providence.
Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about:
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence; and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan:
One day upon *his* bosom, all thine own,
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death.

III.

And weep not, though the Beautiful decay
Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes;
Thy heart must have its autumn, its pale skies,
Leading, mayhap, to winter's dim dismay.
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away;
Her form departs not, though her body dies.
Secure beneath the earth the snowdrop lies,
Waiting the spring's young resurrection-day,
Through the kind nurture of the winter cold.
Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
The summer time, when roses were alive;
Do thou thy work—be willing to be old:
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth enfold
A gorgeous June for which thou need'st not strive.

IV.

And should the twilight darken into night,
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong;
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness, proves the light.
Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long;
Or weep and work, for work will lead to song.
But search thy heart, if hid from all thy sight

There lie no cause for beauty's slow decay;
If for completeness and diviner youth,
And not for very love, thou seek'st the truth;
If thou hast learned to give thyself away
For love's own self, not for thyself, I say:
Were God's love less, the world were lost, in sooth.

V.

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the father's heart rich good invent?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,
We know the primrose time will come again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent:
Thy need is sown and rooted for his rain.
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are his ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A DAY'S RELEASE.

DAY after day, until to-day,
Imaged its fellows gone before,
The same dull task, the weary way,
The weakness pardoned o'er and o'er;

The thwarted thirst, too faintly felt,
  For joy's well-nigh forgotten life,
The restless heart, which, when I knelt,
  Made of my worship barren strife.

Ah, whence to-day's so sweet release;
  This clearance light of all my care,
This conscience free, this fertile peace,
  These softly-folded wings of prayer;

This calm and more than conquering love,
  With which the Tempter dares not cope;
This joy that lifts no glance above,
  For faith too sure, too sweet for hope?

O, happy time, too happy change,
  It will not live, though fondly nursed!
Full soon this day will seem as strange
  As now the Dark which seems dispersed.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

AGAINST TEARS.

THIS world is all too sad for tears,
  I would not weep, not I,
But smile along my life's short road,
  Until I, smiling, die.

The little flowers breathe sweetness out
  Through all the dewy night;
Should I more churlish be than they,
  And 'plain for constant light?

Not so, not so, no load of woe
  Need bring despairing frown;
For while we bear it, we can bear,
  Past that, we lay it down.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

WEARINESS.

ART thou already weary of the way?
  Thou who hast yet but half the way gone o'er:
Get up, and lift thy burden; lo! before
Thy feet the road goes stretching far away.
If thou already faint who hast but come
Through half thy pilgrimage, with fellows gay,
Love, youth, and hope, under the rosy bloom
And temperate airs of early breaking day;
Look yonder, how the heavens stoop and gloom.
There cease the trees to shade, the flowers to spring,
And the angels leave thee. What wilt thou become
Through yon drear stretch of dismal wandering,
Lonely and dark?—I shall take courage, friend,
For comes not every step more near the end?

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

SONNET.

MOURNER, that dost deserve thy mournfulness,
Call thyself punished, call the earth thy hell;
Say 'God is angry, and I earned it well;
I would not have Him smile and not redress.'
Say this, and straightway all thy grief grows less.
'God rules at least, I find, as prophets tell,
And proves it in this prison.' Straight thy cell
Smiles with an unsuspected loveliness.
—'A prison—and yet, from door and window-bar,
I catch a thousand breaths of his sweet air;
Even to me his days and nights are fair;
He shows me many a flower, and many a star;
And though I mourn, and He is very far,
He does not kill the hope that reaches there.'

ANONYMOUS.

WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
'O Father! take this cup away!'

Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
'O God! take *not* this cup away!'

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
  Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
  Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
  None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
  When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth! the cross ascend:
  O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
  The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
  Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
  O give the welcome of thy love.

ANONYMOUS.

A DREAM OF THE CROSS.

DREAMING I slept. Three crosses stood
  High in the gloomy air;
One bore a thief, and one the Good:
  The third cross waited bare.

A soldier coming to the place,
  Would hang me on the third

Mine eyes they sought the master's face,
  My will the master's word.

He bent his head; I took the sign
  And gave the error way;
Gesture nor look nor word of mine
  The secret should betray.

A moment from the cross's foot
  He turned, and left me there,
Waiting till that grim tree for fruit
  My dying form should bear.

Up rose the steaming mists of doubt,
  And chilled both heart and brain;
They shut the world of vision out,
  And fear saw only pain.

'Ah me, my hands! the hammer's blow!
  The nails that rend and pierce!
The shock may stun, but slow and slow
  The torture will grow fierce.

'Alas, the awful fight with death!
  The hours to hang and die!
The thirsting gasp for common breath!
  The weakness that would cry!'

My soul returned, 'A faintness soon
  Will shroud thee in its fold;

The hours will bring the fearful noon;
  'Twill pass—and thou art cold.

''Tis his to care that thou endure,
  To curb or loose the pain;
With bleeding hands hang on thy cure—
  It shall not be in vain.'

But ah! the will, which thus could quail,
  Might yield—oh, horror drear!
Then more than love, the fear to fail
  Kept down the other fear.

I stood, nor moved. But inward strife
  The bonds of slumber broke:
Oh! had I fled, and lost the life
  Of which the master spoke?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ISOLATION.

MAN dwells apart, though not alone,
  He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
  For lack of listeners are not said.

Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles,
  He saith, 'They dwell not lone like men,'
Forgetful that their sun-flecked smiles
  Flash far beyond each other's ken.

He looks on God's eternal suns
  That sprinkle the celestial blue,
And saith, 'Ah! happy shining ones,
  I would that men were grouped like you!'

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star
  That clustered with its peers we see,
Only because from us so far
  Doth near its fellows seem to be.

JEAN INGELOW.

EXAGGERATION.

WE overstate the ills of life, and take
  Imagination (given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels overshone
By God's clear glory) down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead, flake following flake,
To cover all the corn; we walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers; near the alderbrake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O brothers, let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein,
That by the grief of ONE came all our good.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

THE wind sounds only in opposing straits,
The sea, beside the shore; man's spirit rends
Its quiet only up against the ends
Of wants and oppositions, loves and hates,
Where, worked and worn by passionate debates,
And losing by the loss it apprehends,
The flesh rocks round and every breath it sends
Is ravelled to a sigh. All tortured states
Suppose a straitened place. Jehovah Lord,
Make room for rest, around me! out of sight
Now float me, of the vexing land abhorred,
Till in deep calms of space my soul may right
Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
And rush exultant on the Infinite.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE MESSENGER.

A MESSENGER that stood beside my bed,
In words of clear and cruel import said
(And yet methought the tone was less unkind,)
'I bring thee pain of body and of mind.

'Each gift of each must pay a toll to me;
Nor flight, nor force, nor suit can set thee free;
Until my brother come, I say not when:
Affliction is my name, unloved of men.'

I swooned, then, bursting up in talk deranged,
Shattered to tears; while he stood by unchanged.
I held my peace, my heart with courage burned,
And to his cold touch one faint sigh returned.

Undreamt-of wings he lifted, 'For awhile
I vanish. Never be afraid to smile
Lest I waylay thee: curse me not; nay, love;
That I may bring thee tidings from above.'

And often since, by day or night, descends
The face obdurate; now almost a friend's.
Oh! quite to Faith; but Frailty's lips not dare
The word. To both this angel taught a prayer.

'Lord God, thy servant, wounded and bereft,
Feels Thee upon his right hand and his left;
Hath joy in grief, and still by losing gains;—
All this is gone, yet all myself remains!'

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Penitence.

LEVAVI OCULOS.

IN trouble for my sin, I cried to God,—
To the Great God who dwelleth in the deeps.
The deeps return not any voice or sign.

But with my soul I know Thee, O Great God;
The soul Thou givest knoweth Thee, Great God;
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin;
Joy-scented peace is trampled under foot,
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

Sin is established subtly in the heart
As a disease; like a magician foul
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil: there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace;
And music floweth from the various world.

The Lord is great and good, and is our God.
There needeth not a word but only these;
Our God is good, our God is great. 'Tis well!

All things are ever God's; the shows of things
Are of men's fantasy, and warped with sin;
God, and the things of God, immutable.

O great good God, my pray'r is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and light!

Then were all shows of things a part of truth:
Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect peace!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

PENITENCE.

BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I chose the thorns, and 'plained for flowers,
And pressed the sword-points down upon my heart,
And moaned that they did hurt me, like a child—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I struck at others in my pain,
Like some wild beast that, wounded, turns at bay,
And rends the innocent earth he stands upon—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hand across thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I called good evil, evil good,
And thought I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me, as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

SIN.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers;
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IN THE SHADOWS.

O THOU of purer eyes than to behold
Uncleanness! sift my soul, removing all
Strange thoughts, imaginings fantastical,
Iniquitous allurements manifold.
Make it a spiritual ark, abode
Severely sacred, perfumed, sanctified,
Wherein the Prince of Purities may abide—
The holy and eternal Spirit of God.

The gross, adhesive loathsomeness of sin
  Give me to see. Yet, oh far more, far more,
  That beautiful purity which the saints adore,
In a consummate Paradise within
  The veil,—O Lord, upon my soul bestow,
  An earnest of that purity here below.

DAVID GRAY.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone—
  Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
    Save, oh, save!
From the world's temptations,
    From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
    Save, oh, save!

When the Soul, growing clearer,
  Sees God no nearer:
When the Soul, mounting higher,
  To God comes no nigher:
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,

Foiling her high emprize,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence:
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature:
From grief, that is but passion,
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save!

From doubt, where all is double:
Where wise men are not strong:
Where comfort turns to trouble:
Where just men suffer wrong:
Where sorrow treads on joy:
Where sweet things soonest cloy:
Where faiths are built on dust:
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free!

Then hast thou cause for grief; and most
In seldom missing what is lost.
With the loss of Yesterday,
  Thou hast lost To-day, To-morrow,—
All thou might'st have been. O pray
  (If pray thou canst) for poignant sorrow.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

PETTISHNESS.

MY mind was ruffled with small cares to-day,
  And I said pettish words, and did not keep
Long-suffering patience well; and now how deep
My trouble for this sin! In vain I weep
For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet not in vain, oh surely not in vain!
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;
And surely I shall learn how much I need
Thy constant strength my own to supersede,
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.

Yes, I shall learn at last; though I neglect,
Day after day, to seek my help from Thee.
Oh aid me, that I always recollect
This gentle-heartedness; and, oh, correct
Whatever else of sin Thou seest in me.

HENRY S. SUTTON.

TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!'
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied;
And, when the morrow came, I answered still,
'To-morrow.'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(*from* LOPE DE VEGA).

MEA CULPA.

AT me one night the angry moon,
Suspended to a rim of cloud,
Glared through the courses of the wind.
Suddenly then my spirit bowed
And shrunk into a fearful swoon
That made me deaf and blind.

We sinned—we sin—is that a dream?
We wake—there is no voice nor stir;
Sin and repent from day to day,
As though some reeking murderer
Should dip his hand in a running stream,
And lightly go his way.

Embrace me, fiends and wicked men,
For I am of your crew. Draw back,
Pure women, children with clear eyes,
Let Scorn confess me on his rack,—
Stretched down by force, uplooking then
Into the solemn skies.

Singly we pass the gloomy gate;
Some robed in honour, full of peace,
Who of themselves are not aware,
Being fed with secret wickedness,
And comforted with lies: my fate
Moves fast; I shall come there.

With all so usual, hour by hour,
And feeble will so lightly twirled
By every little breeze of sense,—
Lay'st thou to heart this common world?
Lay'st thou to heart the Ruling Power,
Just, infinite, intense?

Thou wilt not frown, O God. Yet we
Escape not thy transcendent law;
It reigns within us and without.

What earthly vision never saw
Man's naked soul may suddenly see,
Dreadful, past thought or doubt.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
What where they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
'I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith,)
'And thou thyself to all eternity!'

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

MULTUM DILEXIT.

SHE sat and wept beside his feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date,

Only the *sin* remained,—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

'MAY BE THE LORD WILL LOOK UPON MY TEARS.'

DROP, drop slow tears!
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears,
Nor let his eye
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Prayer and Aspiration.

SEEKING GOD.

FAIN would my thoughts fly up to Thee,
  Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find;
But, when I offer, still the world
  Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way
  And thence look down below;
How nothing, there, do all things seem,
  That here make such a show!

Then round about I turn my eyes
  To feast my hungry sight;
I meet with Heaven in every thing,
  In every thing delight.

I see thy wisdom ruling all,
  And it with joy admire;
I see myself among such hopes
  As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumphed awhile,
  And think to build my nest,
Some cross conceits come fluttering by,
  And interrupt my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,
  And from my low dust cry,
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but thine,
  That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise,
  Or still lie down in dust,
Both I submit to thy blest will;
  In both, on Thee I trust.

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself
  My everlasting End,
That every step, or swift, or slow,
  Still to Thyself may tend!

JOHN AUSTIN.

THE SHOWER.

'TWAS so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
  From her faint bosom breathed thee, the disease
Of her sick waters and infectious ease.
  But now at even,
  Too gross for Heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.

Ah! it is so with me. Oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazy breath; but fruitless this
Pierced not. Love only can, with quick access,
Unlock the way
When all else stray—
The smoke and exhalations of the breast.

Yet if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes could weep
O'er my hard heart that's bound up and asleep,
Perhaps at last,
Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

OH for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then, when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

What can have locked those fountains up?
  Those visions what hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
  My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
  Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
  That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
  That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
  At thy most blessed Name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
  O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
  The feast of angel's bread:—

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
  If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
  The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
  Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost
  But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
  To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
  And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set
  So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
  I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
  A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
  In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
  A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
  That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn
  To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
  And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
  That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
  Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
  Hire which thy beauty showed,
Can I not serve Thee now for nought,
  And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,
  This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
  God's dear Supremacy!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

PRAYER.

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
  And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like patience slow subsiding to despair.
But see, the blue smoke, as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether;—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dreamed!—oh, may the dream be true!—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

VENI CREATOR.

O THOU who, as our knowledge grows,
In the world's latter days,
The more Thou seem'st to clear the sky,
The more dost hide thy face:

—As ever-widening search reveals
The depth and breadth of ill
Scourging mankind through all the past,
And sweeping o'er us still:

As Science, forging day by day
  Her close-linked chain, withdraws
The once-felt touches of thy hand
  For dumb organic laws:

As fears of change, and fears of doubt,
  Unnerve the o'er-wrought mind,
Enfeebled 'mid its added strength,
  'Mid all its seeing, blind:

The wider wisdom Thou hast given
  Yet is not wholly gain;
The truer vision scathes our sight;
  We cannot see Thee plain.

Enlarge our hearts and purge our eyes
  To bear thy nearer light;
The world's young ignorance is o'er;
  Make us to know Thee right.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

O LORD! my heart is sick,
  Sick of this everlasting change;
And life runs tediously quick
  Through its unresting race and varied range:
Change finds no likeness to itself in Thee,
And wakes no echo in thy mute eternity.

Dear Lord! my heart is sick
Of this perpetual lapsing time,
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime:
Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,
And yet it is our share of thine eternity.

Oh change and time are storms
For lives so thin and frail as ours;
For change the work of grace deforms
With love that soils, and help that overpowers;
And time is strong, and, like some chafing sea,
It seems to fret the shores of thine eternity.

Weak, weak, for ever weak!
We cannot hold what we possess;
Youth cannot find, age will not seek,—
Oh weakness is the heart's worst weariness:
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee;
It makes us strong to think of thine eternity.

Thou hadst no youth, great God!
An unbeginning End Thou art;
Thy glory in itself abode,
And still abides in its own tranquil heart:
No age can heap its outward years on Thee:
Dear God! Thou art Thyself, thine own eternity!

Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright;

Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

Oh Thou art very great
To set Thyself so far above!
But we partake of thine estate
Established in thy strength and in thy love:
That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

Oh Thou art very meek
To overshade thy creatures thus!
Thy grandeur is the shade we seek;
To be eternal is thy use to us:
Ah Blessed God! what joy it is to me
To lose all thought of self in thine eternity.

Selfwearied, Lord! I come;
For I have lived my life too fast:
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last;
When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of thy long eternity.

Farewell, vain joys of earth!
Farewell, all love that is not his!
Dear God! be Thou my only mirth,
Thy majesty my single timid bliss!
Oh in the bosom of eternity
Thou dost not weary of Thyself, nor we of Thee!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

STRENGTH IN PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

READINESS FOR PRAYER.

IF we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are,
If, never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.

But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

AN APPEAL.

WHAT mean these slow returns of love, these days
Of withered prayer, of dead, unflowering praise?
These hands of twilight laid on me, to keep
Dusk veils on holy vision? This most deep,
Most eyelid-heavy, lamentable sleep?

Lo, time is precious as it was before;
As sinful sin; my goal as unattained:
And yet I drowse, and dream, and am not pained
At God far off as ever heretofore,
At sin as flagrant as of old, or more.

Dear Lord, what can I do? I come to Thee,
I have none other helper. Thou art free
To save me, or to kill. But I appeal
To thy dear love, which cannot elsewise deal
Than prove Thyself my friend, thy will my weal.

Wake, wake me, Lord! Arouse me. Let thy fire
Loosen these icicles, and make them drop

And run into warm tears; for I aspire
To hold Thee faster, dearer, warmer, nigher,
And love and serve Thee henceforth without stop.

HENRY S. SUTTON.

QUI LABORAT ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart;
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee;

Oh, not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,
  Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And, scarçe by happy tears made dim, the eyes
  In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
  The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
  Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
  If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

WORDSWORTH (*from* MICHAEL ANGELO).

Praise and Adoration.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill,
For the waters of the Earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
  But it will not come too late—
And the songs of patient spirits rise
  From the place wherein I wait;
While, in the faith that makes no haste,
  My soul has time to see
A kneeling host of thy redeemed
  In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around
  Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
  Resounding every where.
But the earnest of eternal joy
  In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
  On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
  Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
  Or show me what it meant!
And I long to do some work of love
  No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of thy flock
  Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
  With the thankful song I sing;
For thy people know the secret source
  Of every precious thing.

The heart that ministers for Thee
  In thy own work will rest;
And the subject spirit of a child
  Can serve thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,
  That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
  Which no one else can see—
The faith that, in a hidden way,
  No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
  And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,
  My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
  Resounding every where.
'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
  Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
  Will never die away.

ANNA LÆTITIA WAKING.

A THANKSGIVING.

'Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.'

LORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
  First quickened love divine;
I am all thine,—thy care and choice,
  My very praise is thine.

I praise Thee, while thy providence
  In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
  Could seek or scan thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour;
  Bright dreams, and fancyings strange;
Blessings, when reason's awful power
  Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
  Unasked, unhoped, have come;
And, choicer still, a countless store
  Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
  I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
  In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
  Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
  And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
  Love-tokens in thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
  And thorn-encompassed head.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray;
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

HAPPY MEMORIES.

O HAPPY days, O months, O years,
Which, even in this dim world of woe,
'Tis now impossible can show
The print of grief, the stain of tears:

O blessed times, which now no more
Exposed to chance or change remain;
Which having been, no after stain
Can dim the brightness that ye wore:

Dark shadows of approaching ill
Fall thick upon life's forward track;
But on its past they stream not back,
What once was bright remains so still.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LIFE OF LIFE.

WHAT'S that, which, ere I spake, was gone!
So joyful and intense a spark
That, whilst o'erhead the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark?

I do not know; but this I know,
That, had the splendour lived a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show
Did see, could not be now more clear.

This know I too: might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;

And error from the soul would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,
Has neither memory nor tongue.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

EASTER-DAY.

I GOT me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the East,
  Though he give light and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
  With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
  Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
  There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

AFTER ATTENDING A PRESBYTERIAN SERVICE.

O GOD! I thank Thee for a homely taste
  And appetite of soul, that wheresoe'er
I find thy Gospel—preachèd Word or Prayer—
Before me set, by whomsoever placed,
I love the food, and let no morsel waste:
Who serves me, who feeds with me, I less care;
All who speak truth to me commissioned are;
All who love God are in my Church embraced.
Not that I have no sense of preference—
None deeper!—but I rather love to draw,
Even here, on earth, on toward the future law,
And Heaven's fine etiquette, where Who? and Whence?
May not be asked; and, at the Wedding Feast,
North shall sit down with South, and West with East.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

RODS AND KISSES.

ALL blessings ask a blessed mood;
The garnish here is more than meat;
Happy who takes sweet gratitude;
Next best, though bitter, is regret.

'Tis well if, on the tempest's gloom,
You see the covenant of God;
But far, far happier he on whom
The kiss works better than the rod.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

PASSING PLEASURES.

THESE blessed passing pleasures!
We need not let them waste,
We need not leave their treasures
Behind us in our haste.
We need not doubt their fitness
Where earth's deep shadows fall;
God giving, He is witness
That we shall want them all.

Amid the old sad story
Of human shame and sin,
If He gives gleams of glory
We ought to let them in.

And oh, when brought before us
  Where heart and soul can see,
How mighty to restore us
  Love's little signs may be.

A bird, a tree, a flower,
  A creature just as frail,
Will take us in His power
  To Him within the veil;
Will come, if He has bidden,
  Amidst the darkening fight,
And leave us safely hidden
  Behind a shield of light.

Perhaps his angels see us
  Disquieted in vain;
Perhaps his watch would free us
  From some ensnaring pain;
But only He can measure
  Who sees our nature through
The good that in his pleasure
  A passing joy may do.

If but for one bright minute
  Through gathering clouds it break,
There is a token in it
  That He would have us take.
And, his least sign obeying,
  No wealth our hearts shall miss,
Even when we hear Him saying
  'See greater things than this!'

Or is music the inarticulate
  Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the Undiscovered
  Bringing great truths to the birth?

O music! thou surely art worship;
  But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
  Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,
  An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
  If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendours made vocal,
  As they glanced from that shining sea
Where the Vision is visible music,
  Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord, art the Father of music;
  Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made thy creation all anthems,
  Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this music
  What raptures in heaven can be,
Where the sound is thy marvellous stillness,
  And the music is light out of Thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringèd lids to heaven;
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong:
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
To build, as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Faith.

'STRONG SON OF GOD.'

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be:
  They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock Thee when we do not fear;
  But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

'WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS.'

IT fortifies my soul to know
  That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three and thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
  Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
  More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
  Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
  The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
  To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
  It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
  And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
  If it be his sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE FLOWER.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
  Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
  Grief melts away
  Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown.

And now in age I bud again;
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD.

I WOULD I were a child
That I might look, and laugh, and say,
My Father!
And follow Thee with running feet, or rather
Be led through dark and wild.

How I would hold thy hand,
My glad eyes often to thy glory lifting!
Should darkness 'twixt thy face and mine come drifting,
How hearken thy command!

If an ill thing came near,
I would but creep within thy mantle's folding,
Shut my eyes close, thy hand yet faster holding,
And thus forget my fear.

O soul, O soul, rejoice!
Thou art God's child indeed, for all thy sinning;
A poor weak child, yet his, and worth the winning
With saviour eyes and voice.

Who spoke the words? Didst Thou?
They are too good, even for such a giver:
Such water drinking once, I must feel ever
As I had drunk but now.

Yet sure He taught us so,
Teaching our lips to say with his, Our Father!
Telling the tale of wanderer who did gather
His goods to him and go!

Ah! Thou dost lead me, God;
But it is dark; no stars! the way is dreary;
Almost I sleep, I am so very weary
Upon this rough hill-road.

Almost! Nay, I *do* sleep;
There is no darkness save in this my dreaming;
Thy fatherhood above, around, is beaming;
Thy hand my hand doth keep.

Cast on my face one gleam;
I have no knowledge but that I am sleeping;

Lost n its lies, my life goes out in weeping;
Wake me from this my dream.

How long shall heavy night
Deny the day? How long shall this dull sorrow
Say in my heart that never any morrow
Will bring the vanished light?

Lord, art Thou in the room?
Come near my bed; oh, draw aside the curtain;
A child's heart would say *Father*, were it certain
The word would not presume.

But if this dreary sleep
May not be broken, help thy helpless sleeper
To rest in Thee; so shall his sleep grow deeper—
For evil dreams too deep.

Father! I dare at length;
My childhood sure will shield me from all blaming;
Sinful, yet hoping, I to Thee come, claiming
Thy tenderness, my strength.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see Him in the gold;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
  'Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

EVIDENCES OF RELIGION.

YE who would build the Churches of the Lord!
  See that ye make the western portals low:
Let no one enter who disdains to bow.
High Truths profanely gazed at, unadored,
Will be abused at first, at last abhorred;
And many a learned, many a lofty brow
Hath rested, pillowed on a humbler vow
Than keen logicians notice or record.

O stainless peace of blest Humility!
Of all who fain would enter, few, alas!
Catch the true meaning of that kind, sad eye;
While thou, God's portress, stationed by the door,
Dost stretch thy cross so near the marble floor,
That children only, without bending, pass.

AUBREY DE VERE.

FAITH AND SIGHT IN THE LATTER DAYS.

'I præ: sequar.'

THOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O Man, and follow Me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
  And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
  Too far to follow Thee!

—Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
  Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
  Can we not follow Thee?

Is what we trace of law
  The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
  And bid not follow Thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
  In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, thyself restore
  And help to follow Thee!

If not as once Thou cam'st
  In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
  That burns to follow Thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
  Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

RESTORATION OF BELIEF.

FOLLOW me, Jesus said, and they uprose,
Peter and Andrew rose and followed him,
Followed him even to Heaven through death most grim,
And through a long hard life without repose,
Save in the grand ideal of its close.
'Take up your cross and follow me,' He said,
And the world answers yet through all her dead,
And still would answer had we faith like those.

Oh, who will speak again such words of fire!
With gladsome haste and with rejoicing souls
How would men gird themselves for the emprize!
Leaving their black boats by the dead lake's mire,
Leaving their slimy nets by the cold shoals,
Leaving their old oars, nor once turn their eyes.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

O GOD, IMPART THY BLESSING.

O GOD, impart thy blessing to my cries!
I trust but faintly, and I daily err;
The waters of my heart are oft astir,
An angel's there! and yet I cannot rise!
Ah! would my Lord were here amongst us still,
Proffering his bosom to his servant's brow;
Too oft that holy life comes o'er us now
Like twilight echoes from a distant hill;

We long for his pure looks and words sublime;
His lowly-lofty innocence and grace;
The talk sweet-toned, and blessing all the time;
The mountain sermon and the ruthful gaze;
The cheerly credence gathered from his face;
His voice in village groups at eve or prime!

CHARLES TURNER.

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER, and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
  Be quit of my long part:
The burden of unquiet life
  Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work,
  As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
  And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
  Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
  And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought
  Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time
  Most musically rung.

'Tis not his justice or his power,
  Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
  Of the Eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,
  Nor even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
  Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,
  That I may feel thee near,

As one who for his weapon feels
  In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
  When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
  Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind check
  To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
  More helpless need of Thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE SOUL.

IS not the body more than meat? The soul
  Is something greater than the food it needs:
Prayers, sacraments, and charitable deeds,
They realize the hours that onward roll
Their endless way, 'to kindle or control.'
Our acts and words are but the pregnant seeds
Of future being, when the flowers and weeds,
Local and temporal, in the vast whole
Shall live eternal. Nothing ever dies!
The shortest smile that flits across a face
Which lovely grief hath made her dwelling-place,
Lasts longer than the earth or visible skies!
It is an act of God, whose acts are truth,
And vernal still in everlasting youth.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

LIFE STRUGGLES.

I.

WE asked not to be born; 'tis not by will
That we are here beneath the battle-smoke
Without escape, by good as well as ill,
By fact and mystery, opposed; no cloak
Of an Elijah, no stairs whereupon
Angels ascending and descending shine
Over the head here pillowed on a stone,
Anywhere found. Nor ought we to repine
For each year hath its harvest, every day
Some clang of cymbals, laughter, or sweet moan;
Yea, thought itself is triumph, nor would I pray
For rest, or shrink, if I could but command
Courage of heart, courage of heart and hand.

II.

Courage of heart and hand, Faith first of all:
Such is the prayer of the perplexèd man,
Mistrusting the still Voice, and its true call
To work; opposed it may be by the ban
Of social ills;—prayer answered by desires
Within the soul for more than sense receives,
And by sky-pointing fingers of fair spires,
From whose kind creeds the refuged mortal weaves
Protecting garments for this pilgrim-strife,
Passing from world to world. But let us here

With full breast bare to all the winds of life,
And ready hand and answering eye and ear,
Gain faith and courage through self-harmony,
Cheerful in strong repose,—fearless to live or die.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

SOWING IN FAITH.

NATURE'S least worthy growths have quickest spring,
And soonest answering service readiest meed,
And undiscerning glory's shining wing
Lights earliest on an ill-deserving head.
Winter o'er autumn-scattered wheat doth fling
A white oblivion that keeps warm the seed;
And wisest thought needs deepest burying,
Before its ripe effect begins to breed.
Therefore, O spiritual seedsman, cast
With unregretful hand thy rich grain forth,
Nor think thy word's regenerating birth
Dead, that so long lies locked in human breast.
Time, slow to foster things of lesser worth,
Broods o'er thy work, and God permits no waste.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

THY WAY IS IN THE DEEP.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea!

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
  Why do we doubt him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
  The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost,—
  Drear moment of delay!—
We cry 'Lord! help the tempest-tost—'
  And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
  And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself, where'er He hears
  The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine!
  Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
  The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel;
  And wipe our tears away:
'Tis thine, to order all things well,
  And ours, to bless the sway.

ANONYMOUS.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see;

But I ask Thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to Thee—
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
  But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
  That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
  And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
  Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints,
  There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught 'the truth'
  That makes thy children 'free;'
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
  Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
  Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Hope.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

WHO will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Anteroom of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
'Wife, and Child, and Fatherland.'
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare, as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
  While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
  Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
  While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
  That the world is young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ON THE AUTHORITY OF ANTIQUITY.

Catholic Chapel, Christmas Day, 1850.

WHY should the past loom out so fair and grand,
  And the most ancient most demand our love?
Oh that we could with even balance stand
Between the past and future: like the dove
We could between the wastes of clouds and waves
Gather the olive leaves, and turn again
Unto the home assigned to him who saves
The salt of this life. That supernal strain
Which sounded when the green-leaved world was young,
Sounds still when the great petals ruby red
Expand, and still will sound, though still unsung
By poet-sage in years to come. The dread
Soul-giving voice of God that spoke of old
Speaks still, and he who hears is crowned with gold.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

HOPE BENEATH THE WATERS.

'I CANNOT mount to heaven beneath this ban:
Can Christian hope survive so far below
The level of the happiness of man?
Can angels' wings in these dark waters grow?'
A spirit voice replied, 'From bearing right
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light,
And quit the sunless depths for upper air.
Meek patience is as diver's breath to all
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day,
To guide us re-ascending from our fall.
The rocks have bruised thee sore, but angels' wings
Grow best from bruises, hope from anguish springs.'

CHARLES TURNER.

NOT IN VAIN.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

BLASPHEME not thou thy sacred life, nor turn
  O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,
Perchance to try thy spirit and its bent,
Effeminate soul and base! weakly to mourn.
There lies no desert in the land of life;
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Laboured of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.
Haply no more music and mirth and love,
And glorious things of old and younger art
Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast;
But, when these bright companions all depart,
Lay thou thy head upon the ample breast
Of Hope, and thou shalt hear the angels sing above.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear;
Ah, did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,
Wise men are bad—and good are fools,
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here?

Oh may we, for assurance sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say:—'It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here'?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;

Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope,
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SOME FUTURE DAY.

SOME future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters say!—
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SENSE, IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

LIKE one pale, flitting, lonely gleam
Of sunshine on a winter's day,
There came a thought upon my dream,
I know not whence, but fondly deem
It came from far away.

Those sweet, sweet snatches of delight
That visit our bedarkened clay,
Like passage birds, with hasty flight,—
It cannot be they perish quite,
Although they pass away.

They come and go, and come again;
They're ours whatever time they stay;
Think not, my heart, they come in vain,
If one brief while they soothe thy pain
Before they pass away.

But whither go they? No one knows
  Their home,—but yet they seem to say,
That, far beyond this gulf of woes,
There is a region of repose
    For them that pass away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE FUTURE.

A FIGURE wanders through my dreams
  And wears a veil upon its face,
Still bending to my breast it seems,
  Yet ever turns from my embrace.
And sometimes, passing from my sight,
  It lifts the veil as it departs,
And eyes flash out with such a light
  As never dawned on waking hearts.

There is no need of sound or speech
  Or toiling through the troubled years;
The rapture of that smile can teach
  More than a century of tears.
And this I know, if it could move
  Out of my dreams into my days,
One service of unbroken love
  Should fill and crown my life with praise.

Love with no doubts and no demands,
  But generous as a southern June,—
Vast brotherhood of hearts and hands,
  Choir of a world in perfect tune;

No shallow sunset-films to gild
  Far summits which we dare not climb,
But ceaseless charms of hope fulfilled,
  Making a miracle of time.

How sure, how calm, the picture seems!
  How near it comes, beheld, possessed!
It is not only in my dreams
  I feel that touch upon my breast.
It thrills me through the barren day,
  It holds me in the heart of strife,
No phantom-grasp that melts away,
  It seems—it is—the touch of life.

We look into the heart of flowers
  And wonder whence their bloom can rise;
The secret hope of human hours
  Is hidden deeper from our eyes.
In helpless tracts of wind and rain
  The work goes on without a sound;
And while you weep your weak 'In vain,'
  The flower is growing underground.

We know the lesson; but a cry,
  Bitter and vast, is in our ears;
One life of fruitless misery
  Shakes all our wisdom into tears.
Thronged by the clamorous griefs that say,
  'Behold what *is*, forget what seems,'
I can but answer, 'Well-a-day;
  There *is* that figure in my dreams.'

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

THE ONE HOPE.

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scriptured petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
Ah! let none other written spell soe'er,
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

YELLOW leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine
On the leaden clouds over there.

At a window a child's mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes,
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.

Angels hanging from heaven,
  A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
  Shining on mortal fears.

A dying man on his pillow
  Whose white soul fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness
  And stretches to Death's embrace.

Passion, rapture, and blindness,
  Yearning, aching, and fears,
And Faith and Duty gazing
  With steadfast eyes upon tears.

I see, or the glory blinds me
  Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
  And victory hung in the air.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

Love.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once
Earth's lamentable sounds, the 'well-a-day,'
The jarring 'yea' and 'nay,'
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed 'farewell,' the 'welcome' mournfuller,—
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair
Than these words—'I loved once.'

And who saith, 'I loved once'?
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love through eternity!
And by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-name, casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, 'I loved once.'

Oh! never is 'loved once'
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprizèd Friend!
Thy cross and curse may rend;
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!
This is man's saying—man's!—too weak to move
One spherèd star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word, Love,
By his 'no more' and 'once.'

How say ye 'We loved once,'
Blasphemers! Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone
So long, 'We loved them once'?

Could ye, 'We loved her once,'
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight—
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light;

Or when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me decayed—
Such words, 'Ye loved me once'?

Could ye, 'We loved her once,'
Say cold of me, when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay—
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?
Not so: not then—least then—when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, 'We loved them once!'

Say never, ye loved once!
God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affections light of range;
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that same word—'once'—
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
'We ruled once;'—dotards, 'We once taught and led;'
Cripples 'once' danced i' the vines; and bards approved
Were once by scornings moved;
But love strikes one hour—Love. Those never loved
Who dream that they loved once.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

LOVE is the star by which our course we steer;
Love for our kind its image glassed below;
And, when the breeze of hope begins to blow
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
O'er Life's dark waters, nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray;
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom hope impels her seas to roam.
What then is Hope? A Faith that dares to move
And what is Faith? The happy rest of Love.

AUBREY DE VERE.

ENOSIS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns, left alone,
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
  Which they never drew from earth;

We, like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they melt and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

LOVE'S DEEP LIFE.

OUR love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its wingèd seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise.
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green:
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen.
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie—
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVE IN TEARS.

IF fate Love's dear ambition mar,
And load his breast with hopeless pain,
And seem to blot out sun and star,—
Love, lost or won, is countless gain;
His sorrow boasts a secret bliss
Which sorrow of itself beguiles,
And love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of love in smiles.

But, looking backward through his tears,
  With vision of maturer scope,
How often one dead joy appears
  The platform of some better hope!
And, let us own, the sharpest smart
  Which human patience may endure
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
  More generous, dignified and pure.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
  Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children, who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

SONNET.

LOVE in thy heart like living waters rose,
Thine own self lost in the abounding flood;
So that with thee joy, comfort, thy life's good,
Thy youth's delights, thy beauty's freshest rose,
Were trash thy unregretful bounty chose
Before loved feet for softness to be strewed.
Such were thy mortal temperings. Above those
Perfect, unstained, celestial, the clear brood
Of thy divine affections rose; white congress,
With brows devout, and upward-winging eyes,
At whose graced feet sacred Humility lies;
Truthfulness, Patience, Wisdom, Gentleness,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, the golden three,
And Love which casts out fear,—this was the sum of thee.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

TO MY MOTHER.

AS Winter, in some mild autumnal days,
Breathes such an air as youngest Spring discloses,
So age in thee renews an infant's grace,
And clothes thy cheek in soft November roses.
Time hath made friends with Beauty in thy face,
And, since the wheeling Fates must be obeyed,
White rime upon thy gracious head he lays,
But whispers gently not to be afraid;

And tenderly, like one that leads the blind,
He soothes thy lingering footsteps to the gate,
While that great Angel, who there keeps his state,
Smiles to behold with what slow feet he moves.
Move slower, gentlier yet, O Time! or find
A way to fix her here, bound by our filial loves.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

LOVE ON EARTH.

WHAT wonder man should fail to stay
A nursling wafted from above,
The growth celestial come astray,
That tender growth whose name is Love.

It is as if high winds in heaven
Had shaken the celestial trees,
And to this earth below had given
Some feathered seeds from one of these.

O perfect love that 'dureth long!
Dear growth that, shaded by the palms,
And breathed on by the angels' song,
Blooms on in heaven's eternal calms!

How great the task to guard thee here,
Where wind is rough and frost is keen,
And all the ground with doubt and fear
Is chequered, birth and death between!

Space is against thee—it can part;
  Time is against thee—it can chill;
Words—they but render half the heart;
  Deeds—they are poor to our rich will.

JEAN INGELOW.

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN we were idlers with the loitering rills,
  The need of human love we little noted;
Our love was Nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills.
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted,
And ours the unknown joy which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,—
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure:
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE REVELATION.

AN idle poet, here and there,
  Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
  Is duller than a witling's jest.

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.

And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget: but, either way,
That, and the Child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

WHAT WERE I, LOVE.

WHAT were I, Love, if I were stripped of thee,
If thine eyes shut me out whereby I live,
Thou who unto my calmer soul dost give
Knowledge, and truth, and holy mystery,
Wherein truth mainly lies for those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive,
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
And only in the Infinite are free?
Without thee I were naked, bleak, and bare
As yon dead cedar on the sea-cliff's brow;
And Nature's teachings, which come to me now
Common and beautiful as light and air,
Would be as fruitless as a stream which still
Slips through the wheel of some old ruined mill.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ETERNAL LOVE.

LEAVE me, O love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy love in me!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Peace.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for Peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy Peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure,
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
  He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
  Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
  'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would, childlike, on His love repose
  Who giveth His belovèd, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say 'Not a tear must o'er her fall!
  He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE STARRY SKIES.

THE starry skies, they rest my soul,
  Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
  Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
  I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright, dissevered worlds,
  As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays
  Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o'er
  New gulfs of purple night.

Yes, something draws me upward there
  As morning draws the lark;
Only my spell, whate'er it is,
  Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there
  To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
  By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space
  Could hold it in its bond;
Thought climbs its highest, still it is
  Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh
  And full its tide of mirth;
No glorious change we can conceive
  Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home;
  And his sweet Vision lies
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,
  Beyond the starry skies.

So, as if waiting for a voice,
  Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
  Out of their silent sky.

—How have I erred! God is my home,
  And God Himself is here;
Why have I looked so far for Him
  Who is nowhere but near?

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er
  My pilgrimage may be,
Thou, Lord! wilt be a ready home
  Always at hand for me.

I spake: but God was nowhere seen;
  Was his love too tired to wait?
Ah no! my own unsimple love
  Hath often made me late.

How often things already won
  It urges me to win,
How often makes me look outside
  For that which is within!

Our souls go too much out of self
  Into ways dark and dim:
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,
  Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw
  God softly drawing near;
How came He without sight or sound
  So soon to disappear?

God was not gone: but He so longed
  His sweetness to impart,
He too was seeking for a home,
  And found it in my heart.

Twice had I erred: a distant God
  Was what I could not bear;
Sorrows and cares were at my side;
  I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off
  As even to be near;
He is within: our spirit is
  The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side
  Is almost as untrue,
As to remove his throne beyond
  Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE NIGHT.

DEAR night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer-time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire;
And by this world's ill guiding light
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
Oh for that night, where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LONGING.

MY heart is full of inarticulate pain,
And beats laborious. Cold ungenial looks
Invade my sanctuary. Men of gain,
Wise in success, well-read in feeble books,
No nigher come, I pray: your air is drear;
'Tis winter and low skies when ye appear!

Belovèd, who love beauty and fair truth!
Come nearer me; too near ye cannot come:
Make me an atmosphere with your sweet youth;
Give me your souls to breathe in, a large room;
Speak not a word, for see, my spirit lies
Helpless and dumb; shine on me with your eyes.

O all wide places, far from feverous towns!
  Great shining seas! pine forests! mountains wild!
Rock-bosomed shores! rough heaths! and sheep-cropt
    downs!
  Vast pallid clouds! blue spaces undefiled!
Room! give me room! give loneliness and air!
Free things and plenteous in your regions fair.

White dove of David, flying overhead,
  Golden with sunlight on thy snowy wings,
Outspeeding thee my longing thoughts are fled
  To find a home afar from men and things;
Where in his temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply.

O God of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces!
  O God of freedom and of joyous hearts!
When thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
  There will be room enough in crowded marts:
Brood thou around me, and the noise is o'er;
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Heart, heart, awake! the love that loveth all
  Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave.
God in thee, can his children's folly gall?
  Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave?—
Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm;
Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

M. S.

LIKE morning, or the early buds in spring,
Or voice of children laughing in dark streets,
Or that quick leap with which the spirit greets
The old revisited mountains—some such thing
She seemed in her bright home. Joy and Delight
And full-eyed Innocence with folded wing
Sat in her face; and from her happy smiling
Clear air she shook, like star-lit summer night.
What needed pain to purge a spirit so pure?
Like fire it came,—what less than fire can be
The cleansing Spirit of God? Oh, happy she,
Able with holy patience to endure!
Her joy made peace, and those bright ores of nature
Subdued to purest gold of piety.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A PICTURE AT FANO.

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
  From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
  With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me discarding
  Yon Heaven, thy home, that waits and opes its door!

I would not look up thither past thy head
  Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
  Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
  Me as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
  My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
  Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
  And all lay quiet, happy and suppress.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
  I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
  After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
  What further may be sought for, or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
  (Alfred, dear friend!)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each
  Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though Heaven was opening o'er him,
  And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went
  To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content,
  —My angel with me too; and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
  Fraught with a pathos so magnificent,)

And since he did not work thus earnestly
  At all times, and has else endured some wrong—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
  And spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
  This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

ROBERT BROWNING.

COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
  From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

Changes, Regrets, Longings.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more;—drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

WORDSWORTH.

EUTOPIA.

THERE is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side;
And all day between them in silence
The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Though I know the road thereto;
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong.

O'er aëry cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
  Friendship is a sheltering tree:
Oh! the joys that came down shower-like,
  Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
        Ere I was old!
Ere I was old?—Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled;—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
  But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
  That only serves to make us grieve
    When we are old:—
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

IRREPARABLENESS.

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day
  And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself as bird or bee,
When such do field-work on a morn of May.
But, now I look upon my flowers, decay
Has met them in my hands more fatally
Because more warmly clasped—and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it, but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE BURIED LIFE.

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile!
But there's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne;
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves! and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts?—our voices?—must we too be dumb?

Ah, well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well nigh change his own identity;
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey,
Even in his own despite, his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.

And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines!
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves!
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpressed!
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only, but this is rare!
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed,—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,

And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we would we
know!
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
  And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
  By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
  Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
  Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled
  And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
  Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
  Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
  To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
  Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
  Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
  One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
  At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A SUPERSCRIPTION.

LOOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A SONG AGAINST SINGING.

TO E. J H.

THEY bid me sing to thee,
Thou golden-haired and silver-voicèd child—
With lips by no worse sigh than sleep's defiled—
With eyes unknowing how tears dim the sight,
And feet all trembling at the new delight
Treaders of earth to be!

Ah no! the lark may bring
A song to thee from out the morning cloud,
The merry river from its lilies bowed,
The brisk rain from the trees, the lucky wind
That half doth make its music, half doth find—
But *I*—I may not sing.

How could I think it right,
New-comer on our earth as, Sweet, thou art,
To bring a verse from out an human heart
Made heavy with accumulated tears,
And cross with such amount of weary years
Thy day-sum of delight?

Even if the verse were said,
Thou, who wouldst clap thy tiny hands to hear
The wind or rain, gay bird or river clear,
Wouldst, at that sound of sad humanities,
Upturn thy bright uncomprehending eyes
And bid me play instead.

Therefore no song of mine—
But prayer in place of singing: prayer that would
Commend thee to the new-creating God
Whose gift is childhood's heart without its stain
Of weakness, ignorance, and changing vain—
That gift of God be thine!

So wilt thou aye be young,
In lovelier childhood than thy shining brow
And pretty winning accents make thee now:

Yea, sweeter than this scarce articulate sound
(How sweet!) of 'Father,' 'Mother,' shall be found
The 'ABBA' on thy tongue.

And so, as years shall chase
Each other's shadows, thou wilt less resemble
Thy fellows of the earth who toil and tremble,
Than him thou seest not, thine angel bold
Yet meek, whose ever-lifted eyes behold
The Ever-loving's face.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TWO SONNETS.

THE HAPPY HEARTS OF EARTH.

WHENCE thou hast come thou knowest not, little Brook,
Nor whither thou art bound. Yet, wild and gay,
Pleased in thyself, and pleasing all that look,
Thou wendest, all the seasons, on thy way.
The lonely glen grows gladsome with thy play;
Thou glidest lamb-like thro' the ghostly shade;
To think of solemn things thou wast not made,
But to sing on, for pleasure, night and day.
Such happy hearts are wandering, crystal clear,
In the great world where men and women dwell;
Earth's mighty shows they neither love nor fear;
They are content to be, while I rebel,
Out of their own delight dispensing cheer,
And ever softly whispering, 'All is well!'

FATHER, FORGIVE THY CHILD.

O SING, clear brook, sing on, while in a dream
  I feel the sweetness of the years go by!
The crags and peaks are softened now, and seem
  Gently to sleep against the gentle sky;
  Old scenes and faces glimmer up and die,
With outlines of sweet thought obscured too long;
  Like boys that shout at play far voices cry:
O sing! for I am weeping at the song.
I know not what I am, but only know
  I have had glimpses tongue may never speak;
No more I balance human joy and woe,
  But think of my transgressions and am meek.
Father! forgive the child, who fretted so,—
  His proud heart yields,—the tears are on his cheek!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

WHITE-THROATED swans and sedges of the mere
Still float, still quiver, on the shining stream;
And underneath an antique bridge I hear
Smooth waters lapping slowly, and their gleam
Frets the cold dark wherein my boat is moored:
Nor overhead the storied elms of June
Forget to murmur, nor to welcome noon
With quiet: save when some stray breeze, allured
By fragrance of the central avenue,

Creeps, cooling ever, down the elastic arch,
And, thro' branched clifts and green inwoven shelves,
Lets in fresh glimpses of the sultry blue.
  So, year by year, regardless Nature blooms;
So, year by year, for all the far-off tombs
Of those who loved them, these impassive courts
Lay their calm shadows on the grateful sward.
No change is here, nor any peace is marred
Save ours, who, pausing in life's midday march,
Miss the dear souls of all these fair resorts
And find, instead, our own forgotten selves.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

THE PRISONER.

I COUNT the dismal time by months and years
  Since last I felt the green sward under foot,
And the great breath of all things summer-mute
Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears
As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres
Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at. Nature's lute
Sounds on, behind this door so closely shut,
A strange wild music to the prisoner's ears,
Dilated by the distance, till the brain
Grows dim with fancies which it feels too fine;
While ever, with a visionary pain,
Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine
Streams, forests, glades, and many a golden train
Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BROKEN MUSIC.

THE mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.

But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain,—
No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

ASPIRATION.

JOY for the promise of our loftier homes!
Joy for the promise of another birth!
For oft oppressive unto pain becomes
The riddle of the earth.

A weary weight it lay upon my youth,
Ere I could tell of what I should complain;
My very childhood was not free, in truth,
From something of that pain.

Hours of a dim despondency were there,
Like clouds that take its colour from the rose,
Which, knowing not the darkness of the air,
But its own sadness knows.

Youth grew in strength—to bear a stronger chain;
In knowledge grew—to know itself a slave;
And broke its narrower shells again, again,
To feel a wider grave.

What woe into the startled spirit sank
When first it knew the inaudible recall,
When first, in the illimitable blank,
It touched the crystal wall!

Far spreads this mystery of death and sin;
Year beyond year in gloomy tumult rolls;
And day encircling day clasps closer in
Our solitary souls.

Oh for the time when in our seraph wings
We veil our brows before the Eternal Throne—
The day when, drinking knowledge at its springs,
We know as we are known!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

A CRY FOR REST.

BUT to be still! oh but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life;
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp biting file
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence; all that is not pain,
But utter weariness! Oh to be free,
But for a while, from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide
Darkly and stilly for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race.
O Heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest
From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest!

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

'I came to the place of my birth and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" and an echo answered, "Where are they?"'

I SOUGHT you, friends of youth, in sun and shade,
By home and hearth—but no! ye were not there;
Where are ye gone, beloved ones, where?' I said;
I listened, and an echo answered, 'Where?'

Then silence fell around—upon a tomb
  I sat me down dismayed at death, and wept;
Over my senses fell a cloud of gloom,
  They sank before the mystery, and I slept.

I slept—and then before mine eyes there pressed
  Faces that showed a bliss unknown before;
The loved whom I in life had once possessed,
  Came one by one, till all were there once more.

A light of nobler worlds was round their head,
  A glow of better actions made them fair;
'The dead are there,' triumphantly I said,
  Triumphantly the echo answered, 'There!'

HOME.

'TIS far away, dear friend, 'tis far away
  Where we were born and nurtured, and grew up.
Thither to-day, as this new gate of time
Swings on its noiseless hinges slowly back,
Through the far vista of our boyish years
Look with a saddened eye, aye! once more look,
Ere through these portals we pass idly on,
To see the coming painted on the wall.

I see a grand procession of fine hopes,
Each with his face wrapped in a sable stole,
And turned away from me their once bright eyes,
All mutely gazing on the snowy ground.

Then one,—still farther down,—this mournful troop
They carry on a bier hung round with frost.
The light is like a dying person's eye;
For, oh, our passèd years shall make us weep,
Nor shall our boyish years live but in dreams.

They say our home is in a better land,
That we are pilgrims here, and on this march
We shall stop never, but with soilèd feet
Track the hard pavement with our dusty prints.
But yet to journey homeward were most fair,
And, no one knowing, burst upon their sight;—
'Thou art come!'—'Indeed is't thou from the far land?'
That joy was in their hearts. And, as the lake's
Calm surface is at once waked into life
By one slight move, so should my sudden sight
Arouse their peaceful feelings. So will't be
When some pure man makes of this world a home,
All home,—both on new-years and birthdays, home;
And all the people laugh within their hearts
That this is City of God, both then and now.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

The Journey.

THE FUTURE.

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
As is the world on the banks
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each as he glides
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of: only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
Her vigorous primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing, as Moses felt,

When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Bordered by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge

Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast;
As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHERE LIES THE LAND.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons, upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

STARLIGHT.

DARKLING, methinks, the path of life is grown,
And Solitude and Sorrow close around;
My fellow-travellers one by one are gone,
Their home is reached, but mine must still be found.
The sun that set as the last bowed his head
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,
Has left the world devoid of all that made
Its business, pleasure, happiness, and grace.
But I have still the desert path to trace;
Not with the day has my day's work an end;
And winds and shadows through the cold air chase,
And earth looks dark where walked we, friend with friend.

And yet thus wildered, not without a guide,
I wander on amid the shades of night;

My home-fires gleam, methinks, and round them glide
  My friends at peace, far off, but still in sight;
For through the closing gloom mine eyesight goes
  Further in heaven than when the day was bright;
And there, as Earth still dark and darker grows,
  Shines out, for every shade, a world of light.

MRS. ARTHUR CLIVE.

ON THE SEA-BEACH.

MY life is like a stroll upon the beach,
  As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
  Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
  To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
  Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore—
  They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea—
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
  Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
  Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
  And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

AT NOONTIDE CAME A VOICE.

AT noon-tide came a voice, 'Thou must away;
  Hast thou some look to give, some word to say,
Or hear, of fond farewell?'—I answered 'Nay,

'My soul hath said its farewell, long ago;
How light, when summer comes, the loosened snow
Slides from the hills! Yet tell me, where I go

'Doth any wait for me?' Then, like the clear,
Full drops of summer rain that seem to cheer
The skies they fall from, soft within mine ear,

And slow, as if to render through that sweet
Delay, a blest assurance more complete,
'Yea,' only 'yea,' was whispered me, and then
A silence that was unto it 'Amen.'

'Doth any love me there?' I said, 'or mark
Within the dull cold flint the fiery spark,
One moment flashing out into the dark?

'My spirit glowed, yet burned not to a clear,
Warm, steadfast flame, to lighten or to cheer.'
The sweet voice said, 'By things which do appear

'We judge amiss. The flower which wears its way
Through stony chinks, lives on from day to day,
Approved for living, let the rest be gay

'And sweet as summer! Heaven within the reed
Lists for the flute-note, in the folded seed
It sees the bud, and in the Will the Deed.'

DORA GREENWELL.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears,
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become, first a piece out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

DIM shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the closèd portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward, hand in hand,
And some, with weary step and slow, look back where their Belovèd stand—
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the Angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that floods the very air
Is but the shadow from within of the great glory hidden there—
And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals close once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door:
The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon the watcher's face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music seems to fill
The silent air with love and fear, and the world's clamours all grow still,
Until the portals close again and leave us toiling on in pain.

Complain not that the way is long—what road is weary that leads there?

But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty stair,
And then with beating heart await, the opening of the Golden Gate.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt, through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!

That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

'The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on its mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise:
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

BOOK III.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

Here slept my thought's dear mark! which dust
Seemed to devour like rust;
But dust, I did observe,
By hiding doth preserve;
As we, for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies,
In death's dark mysteries,
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light!
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleached in the Lamb's blood.

Sleep, happy ashes!—blessed sleep!
While hapless I still weep;
Weep that I have out-lived
My life, and unrelieved
Must, soulless shadow, so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

CONSOLATIONS IN BEREAVEMENT.

DEATH was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed;—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently:—
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded:—but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On his eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown:—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was his deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time:—lest, Sister dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went:—that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
  Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
  And shall fall again to ground.

Come away; for Life and Thought
  Here no longer dwell:
    But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
  A mansion incorruptible.
    Would they could have stayed with us.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FEAR OF DEATH.

SINCE Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
  As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,
  Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
  Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears
  Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
Our owly eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
  And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
  Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

'GIVE PARDON, BLESSED SOUL.'

GIVE pardon, blessed soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song
Which now, with joyful notes, thou sing'st among
The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.
Give pardon, eke, sweet soul, to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feel the grief I did sustain :
The greater stroke astonisheth the more ;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain.
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

'DEATH, BE NOT PROUD.'

DEATH ! be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death ! nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

JOHN DONNE.

SWEET DEATH.

THE sweetest blossoms die.
And so it was that, going day by day
Unto the church to praise and pray,
And crossing the green churchyard thoughtfully,
I saw how on the graves the flowers
Shed their fresh leaves in showers,
And how their perfume rose up to the sky
Before it passed away.

The youngest blossoms die.
They die, and fall, and nourish the rich earth
From which they lately had their birth;
Sweet life, but sweeter death that passeth by
And is as though it had not been:—
All colours turn to green;
The bright hues vanish and the odours fly,
The grass hath lasting worth

And youth and beauty die.
So be it, O my God, Thou God of truth:
Better than beauty and than youth
Are Saints and Angels, a glad company;
And Thou, O Lord, our Rest and Ease,
Art better far than these.
Why should we shrink from our full harvest? Why
Prefer to glean with Ruth?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! Or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

DESIDERIA.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn,
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LULLABY.

I SAW two children hushed to death,
In lap of One with silver wings,
Hearkening a lute, whose latest breath
Low lingered on the trembling strings.

Her face is very pale and fair,
Her hooded eyelids darkly shed
Celestial love, and all her hair
Is like a crown around her head.

Each ripple sinking in its place,
  Along the lute's faint-ebbing strain,
Seems echoed slowlier from her face,
  And echoed back from theirs again.

Yes, now is silence. Do not weep.
  Her eyes are fixed; observe them long;
And spell, if thou canst pierce so deep,
  The purpose of a nobler song.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FIRE.

SWEET maiden, for so calm a life
  Too bitter seemed thine end;
But thou had'st won thee, ere that strife,
  A more than earthly friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school,
  And on thine homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool,
  Peep out so shyly gay;

Where thou, a true and gentle guide,
  Would'st lead thy little band,
With all an elder sister's pride,
  And rule with eye and hand.

And if *we* miss, O who may speak
  What thoughts are hovering round
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek
  Its evening slumber found?

How many a tearful longing look
  In silence seeks thee yet,
Where, in its own familiar nook,
  Thy fireside chair is set?

And oft when little voices dim
  Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
  And wavering wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
  Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought—
  But ne'er shall bring again.

O say not so, the spring-tide air
  Is fraught with whisperings sweet;
Who knows but heavenly carols there
  With ours may duly meet?

Who knows how near, each holy hour,
  The pure and child-like dead
May linger, where, in shrine or bower,
  The mourner's prayer is said?

And He who willed thy tender frame
  (O stern, yet sweet decree!)
Should wear the Martyr's robe of flame,
  He hath prepared for thee

A garland in that region bright
  Where infant spirits reign,
Tinged faintly with such golden light
  As crowns his Martyr train.

Nay, doubt it not: his tokens sure
  Were round her death-bed shown:
The wasting pain might not endure,
  'Twas calm ere life had flown,

Even as we read of saints of yore:
  Her heart and voice were free
To crave one quiet slumber more
  Upon her mother's knee.

JOHN KEBLE.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN.

AH! bitter chance! no arm the blow could ward
  Or shield from hurt her guileless infant breast,
New to this perilous world, and daily prest
To a fond mother's heart; her lot looks hard;
But lo! her face is calm—a gentle tone
Seems murmuring from those lips that breathe no more,
'Come, little sister, marked for heaven before,
I crave that hand yet smaller than mine own,
That baby-hand to clasp again in mine!'
Sweet spirit! as thou wishest it shall be;
Death drops his wing on younger heads than thine,
Though thine is of the youngest; soon to thee
The little sister of thy soul shall come,
And one low funeral bell shall bring ye home

CHARLES TURNER.

ON AN INFANT.

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

'BE, rather than be called, a child of God!'
Death whispered;—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast
The baby bowed, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest
Possessor, not inheritor.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE DEATH OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

WITH her white hands claspt she sleepeth; heart is husht and lips are cold;
Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary way I go,
Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry norland wold
With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widowed nest my heart sits moaning for its young that's fled
From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her starry peers;
And my light of life's o'ershadowed where the dear one lieth dead,
And I'm crying in the dark with many fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost
belovèd bird,
Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind
and rain;
And I called across the night with tender name and
fondling word;
And I yearned out thro' the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, 'Eyes cannot see her: they are
blind with tears of pain;'
And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life to
look and hark
While I call her once again: but there cometh no
refrain,
And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A Beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
  We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
  And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled:
  Awhile she sat with folded wings,
  Sang round us a few hoverings,
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged Angels nurture her;
  With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
  And all Love's purple glory round,
She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
  She walkt betwixt us twain, like Love;
  While, in a robe of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild;
  Then, lest her starry garments trail
  In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
  To the great ocean, on whose shore
  We wander up and down to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
  For precious pearls and relics rare
  Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
  In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
  Rich healing where it nestles,—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams thro' Life's wild rents,
  And thro' the open door of Death
  We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the Belovèd going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
  The best fruit loads the broken bough;
  And in the wounds our sufferings plough
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed:
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
  Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays thro' the hinges' chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
  What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
  Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake;
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse not a few:
Much is to learn, and much to forget,
  Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
  When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
  That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
  My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
  See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
  Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel-steps
  The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
  Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
  Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
  Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
  Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
  As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
  Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
  Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
  A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
  Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
  Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
  A true and holy book;

The measure of a blessed hymn,
  To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
  A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
  And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet 'Good-night!'

There seems a shadow on the day
  Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled—
That He whose love exceedeth ours
  Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,

And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
  The well-beloved of ours.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

RELEASED.

A LITTLE, low-ceiled room. Four walls
Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
A world of pain and toil and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
Of God's great globe that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
And therein lying, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
No queen more careless in her state,
Hands crossed in an unbroken calm;
For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil,
Put by each coarse, intrusive sign;
She made a Sabbath when she died,
And round her breathes a rest divine.

Put by, at last, beneath the lid,
The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
  Out from that threshold on the night;
The narrow bourn she crosseth now;
  She standeth in the eternal light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
  Those broken steps that reach the door;
Henceforth, with angels, she shall tread
  Heaven's golden stair, for evermore!

ADELINE T. WHITNEY.

SONNET.

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst pass away,
  Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
A new and certain sunrise every day.
But, if thou art to be another ray
About the Sun of Life, and art to live
Free from all of thee that was fugitive,
The debt of love I will more fully pay,—
Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,
But, rather, raised to be a nobler man,
And more divine in my humanity;
As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan
My life, are lighted by a purer being,
And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agreeing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's; calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay—

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for a while:
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin lid:
If at our brother's name

Once and again the thought, 'for ever gone,'
Come o'er us like a cloud; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

THOU who canst change the heart, and raise the dead !
As THOU art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With thy dear pardoning words.

JOHN KEBLE.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

WEEP not for me ;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest !

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

TO A FRIEND.

SAD soul, whom God, resuming what He gave,
Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb,
Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,
And strain thy aching sight across the gloom.
The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave
Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind
Than thy storm-tost and heavy-swelling mind
Grasp the full import of his means to save.
Through the dark night lie still; God's faithful grace
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea.
Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars,
Down to the level ocean patiently;
Till his loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars,
And his full glory shine upon thy face.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

MAY AND DEATH.

I WISH that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of Spring's delightful things;
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, be May still May!
  Let their new time, as mine of old,
Do all it did for me: I bid
  Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant
  Woods have in May, that starts up green
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
  Is Spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare; a certain wood
  Might miss the plant; their loss were small:
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
  Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

I.

TWO years ago, this day, he died;
  In silence to the grave he stole;
To many friends their joy and pride,—
  To me the brother of my soul.

Then died their hopes and were not seen,
  But still our love, it seems to me,
Survives, though something hangs between—
  A haze—a dim perplexity;

Perplexity that gathers still
  Veil over veil, fold upon fold;
Like mists of rain about a lonely hill
  Round me that cloud contracts or is unrolled.

Come often intimations, as it were,
  He still were somewhere dwelling on the earth;
Some look that of his beauty hath a share,
  Some laugh that hath a sound of his delicious mirth!

II.

If I no more behold thy face
  I know thou art not lost; I know
Christ keeps thee in a safer place,
  And I at heart would have it so.

I murmur not. O soul above,
  'Tis not my voice thou hearest groan;
'Tis sin that counterfeits my love,
  I but for weakness moan.

But no, thou hast a finer ear,
  And thou, I trust—'tis more than *I* dare say,—
Discern'st the joyful spirit singing clear
  Even in this miserable house of clay.

III.

Year after misty year comes forth,
  And old things flee and new arrive;
And still he lingers on the earth—
  My friend is still alive.

Or if sometimes he be not here,
  Like flowerets of the Spring,
Soon doth his beauty reappear,
  A renovated thing.

Kin to all love and nobleness,
  All glory is his heir;
No deed to praise, no sight to bless
  Comes out, but he is there.

Is he alive in truth, or dead and dull,
  And lost, for ever lost to mortal eye?
O friend, so noble and so beautiful,
  While earth is fair, to me thou canst not die!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field
  To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
  At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
  The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
  Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
  Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
  Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone,—the holy ones
  Who trod with me this lovely vale,
The strong, star-bright companions
  Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
  Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
  Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
  They played with it in every mood,
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy—
  They treated Nature as they would.

They coloured the horizon round,
  Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearkened for their sound,
  They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf
  Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
  Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler,
  Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveller,
  What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
  With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
  Its heavy tale divine.

'Go, lonely man,' it saith,
  'They loved thee from their birth;
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith—
  There are no such hearts on earth.

'Ye drew one mother's milk,
  One chamber held ye all,
A very tender history
  Did in your childhood fall.

'Ye cannot unlock your heart,
  The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
  The master's requiem.'

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

'How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

In Memoriam.

WHY fear that the departed grieves
  Far from the mourner whom she leaves?
Who shall deny that when he stands,
With aching breast and strained hands,
His wan face raised to empty air,
And his hopes darkening to despair,—

E'en then the spirit whom he loved,
By close affection deeply moved,
Comes, with a swift angelic grace,
And gazes on the dear loved face,
Yearns to wipe off the raining tears
And whisper comfort in his ears?

Or rather, from beyond the flood
Leaning her young beatitude,
Sighs only gently to behold
How grief's sharp fires transmute her gold,
And, rich in insight newly given,
Counts every faltering step to Heaven?

Rests tenderly a soft distress
Upon the coming happiness:
And, blest to think how short a time
Severs these frosts from golden prime,
Smiles as a mother smiles to trace
Brief showers roll down her baby's face.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken: there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind:

But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoined,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'—
I know a Voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for Earth?'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DEAR FRIEND, FAR OFF.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
O loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HOW PURE AT HEART.

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone.

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie,
  Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
  And precious only to ourselves.

Take them, O great Eternity!
  Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree
  And trails its blossoms in the dust.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE PROSPECT.

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
  Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view:
And thus, alas, since God the Maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we are called unto,
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong;
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O LIVING WILL.

O LIVING will that shalt endure,
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOTES.

PAGE

6. MAY CAROLS.—The 2nd of Part I. and 10th of Part II. of the *May Carols.*

9. EVENTIDE.—The second part of the poem.

43. TO A SKYLARK.—As originally published. The second stanza was afterwards transferred to the poem, *A Morning Exercise.*

53. THREE SONNETS.—From the series of *Coruisken Sonnets* in the *Book of Orm.*

55. THE LUGGIE.—Refers to *The Luggie and other Poems. By David Gray.*

60. THE RAINBOW.—The first part of the poem.

69. THE RIGHT MUST WIN.—Nine stanzas omitted.

71. THE MANLY LIFE.—An extract from *Cupid's Conflict.*

78. GOOD LIFE.—The third strophe of the *Ode to the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison.*

95. AGAINST TEARS.—The poems by Miss Williams are from *Twilight Hours.* Published by Strahan and Co.

97. SONNET.—Quoted by Dr. George MacDonald in *Adela Cathcart.*

97. WITH HIS STRIPES.—From *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home.* Edited by the Rev. James Martineau.

119. DRYNESS IN PRAYER.—One stanza omitted.

131. THE LORD IS MY PORTION.—Three stanzas omitted.

PAGE

148. STRONG SON OF GOD.—The last three stanzas omitted.

164. SOWING IN FAITH.—Sonnet addressed to the Rev. John Hamilton Thom.

164. THY WAY IS IN THE DEEP.—See note to p. 97.

192. THE STARRY SKIES.—One stanza omitted.

200. THE NIGHT.—The latter part of the poem.

221. TWO SONNETS.—See note to p. 53.

235. LIFE.—An extract from the original poem.

258. GIVE PARDON.—The first of four Sonnets addressed by Henry Constable to Sir Philip Sidney's Soul, prefixed to Sidney's Apology for Poetry, 1595.

264. DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN.—They were the daughters of the Hon. Gustavus and Lady Katharine Hamilton Russell, the eldest of whom died by an accident during the mortal illness of her sister, who almost immediately followed her. They were both buried on the same day.

265. DEATH OF BABE CHRISTABEL.—The last two sections of *The Ballad of Babe Christabel.*

277. BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—The occasion of this poem was the death of the author's sister. It was written a few months after.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

ANONYMOUS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, LONDON.

Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street,
London, October, 1871.

A List of Books

PUBLISHING BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW & SEARLE.

NEW ILLUSTRATED AND OTHER WORKS FOR THE SEASON 1871-2.

In super royal quarto, handsomely bound, 25s.

FAIRY TALES.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Illustrated by TWELVE LARGE DESIGNS IN COLOUR,

AFTER ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY E. V. B.

The Text newly translated by H. L. D. WARD and AUGUSTA PLESNER.

The following are the Tales selected, and the subjects chosen for illustration:—

The Ugly Duckling.
The Old Woman, with Cuckoo Shortlegs and the Cat, who wouldn't associate with the Ugly Duckling.

The Wild Swans.
The Dumb Maiden attired gorgeously and shown to the People.
The King riding off with the Dumb Maiden.
The Dumb Maiden's funeral pyre.

The Fellow Traveller.
The Old King pointing out to the Student the Wicked Princess's Garden.
The Wicked Princess in her Garden.

The Snow Queen.
The Witch in the Cherry Garden drawing in Gerda's boat with her crutch.
The Old Witch combing Gerda's hair with a golden comb to cause her to forget her friend.

The Little Mermaid.
Children playing in the water and alarmed by one of the Mermaids approaching the shore.

Thumbkinetta.
Thumbkinetta very desolate on the water lily-leaf.
Thumbkinetta borne on the swallow's back to the south, where she sees the Fairy-flower Prince.

The Angel.
The Child after death in the Angel's arms pities the poor Rose-tree with its buds and flowers crushed down and broken.

The Garden of Paradise

Price complete, with Texts Imp. folio, £3 10s.

CARL WERNER'S NILE SKETCHES.

Painted from Nature during his travels through Egypt. The first of a series of Water-colour Drawings in perfect fac-simile of the originals, mounted on strong English cardboard, large folio, 23 inches by 17½ inches, with Preface and descriptive Text by Dr. A. E. BREHM and Dr. DUMICHEN. The subjects comprise—

PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH AT SUNRISE.
MEMNON IN MOONLIGHT.
TEMPLE OF ISIS.
TOMB OF SHEIK ABABDE.
NUBIAN CHILD.
BARBER'S SHOP IN ACHMIM.

*** The Pictures are equally suitable for portfolio or for wall adornment.

Royal 8vo. cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO GOETHE'S FAUST.

By PAUL KONEWKA, Author of Illustrations to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Falstaff and his Companions," &c. The English Text from Bayard Taylor's Translation.

The Illustrations are very finely finished *Silhouettes*.

Imperial 4to., cloth extra, 63s.

SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

Eighteen Views printed in permanent pigments by the Woodbury process, with descriptive letterpress by JOHN HARRINGTON, author of "The Abbey and Palace of Westminster," dedicated by special permission to the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor. The following are the views selected:—

1. The South Front.
2. The West Front.
3. The Nave, looking east.
4. The Nave, looking south-west.
5. The Choir, east.
6. The Choir, west.
7. The Reredos below the great east window.
8. The Royal Closet.
9. Cross View from South Transept.
10. The Rutland Chapel.
11. The Bray Chapel.
12. The Beaufort Chapel.
13. Oliver King's Chapel.
14. The Monument of the Duchess of Gloucester.
15. The Cenotaph of H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte.
16. The Oxenbridge Chapel.
17. Oak Panel Paintings.
18. The Aldworth Chapel.

Super royal 4to., cloth extra, 25s.

GEMS OF DUTCH ART.

Twelve Photographs from the finest Engravings in the British Museum, by Stephen Thompson, with descriptive letterpress by G. W. REID, Keeper of the Prints, British Museum. The following are the subjects—

The Drinker. By Frans Van Mieris.
The Cottage Door. By Isaac Van Ostade.
The Smoker. By Adrian Van Ostade.
The Dutch Ale House. By Adrian Van Ostade.
The Spinner. By Gaspar Netscher.
The Trumpeter. By Gerard Terburg.
A Conversation. By Jan Steen.
The Bunch of Grapes. By Gabriel Metzu.
The Village Ale House. By Adrian Van Ostade.
The Jocund Peasants. By Cornelis Dusart.
The Happy Cottagers. By Cornelis Dusart.
A Country Gathering. By Isaac Van Ostade.

GIRLS' BOOKS. A Series Written, Edited, or Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Small Post 8vo. Cloth Extra, Gilt Edges. Price of each Volume, 4s.

1. LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY:

A Picture from Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." (Forming Vol. I. of the "'John Halifax' Series of Girls' Books."

"This is a pretty narrative of baby life, describing the simple doings and sayings of a very charming and rather precocious child nearly three years old. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Will be delightful to those who have nurseries peopled by 'Little Sunshines' of their own."—*Athenæum.*

2. THE COUSIN FROM INDIA.

By Georgiana M. Craik.

"The tale is a clever and interesting one."—*Athenæum.*

"The authoress is equally skilful in the humourous and in the pathetic. . . . Few very few, one may hope, could read with dry eyes of Little David's accident, and quite as few could listen without laughing, to Effie's attempt at a funny tale."—*Guardian.*

3. TWENTY YEARS AGO.

From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens. Edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations by Sydney Hall.

*** Other volumes are in preparation.

The ADVENTURES of a YOUNG NATURALIST.

By Lucien Biart. With 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and Adapted by Parker Gillmore, Author of "All Round the World," &c. Post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, new edition, price 7s. 6d.

"We can strongly recommend this most attractive boy's book."—*Graphic.*

"The adventures are charmingly narrated, and information is given about all the trees, plants, and native productions that are met with."—*Athenæum.*

BLACKMORE (R. D.) CRADOCK NOWELL.

New Edition, small post 8vo. cloth; uniform with the 6s. Edition of Lorna Doone," by the same Author. [*In the press.*

Also Uniform.

BLACKMORE (R. D.) CLARA VAUGHAN.

[*In the press.*

Handsomely bound in cloth extra, 21s.

FAVOURITE ENGLISH POEMS AND POETS.

An Entirely New and Extended Edition. With 320 Engravings on Wood, produced in the very best style of woodcut printing.

"It contains upwards of 200 examples of our sweetest singers, illustrated by above 300 engravings. Eye and sentiment are satisfied with this noble gathering of the poets of our land."—*Athenæum.* "What we most like in the Editor is that, with scarcely an exception, he selects whole poems. Extracts and beauties are often as unfair to the writer as they are misleading to the reader."—*Saturday Review.* "When we say that the list of artists includes the names of Messrs. Harrison Weir, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, Charles Keene, Percival Skelton, John Gilbert, Gustave Doré, and E. Duncan, and that each of these appears to have done his very best, and to have worked in harmony, we have said enough to recommend the re-issue of this volume far and wide. The poems are taken mostly from writers of the last three centuries, and the illustrations amount to upwards of 300."—*Times.*

In one volume, small 4to., choicely printed on paper specially made, with Title Vignette by Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., Engraved on Steel by C. H. Jeens, bound cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

THE GENTLE LIFE.

Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character. By HAIN FRISWELL. The *Queen Edition*, revised and selected from the Two Series. Dedicated by express permission and desire, to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

New and cheaper edition, 5s.

CHRIST IN SONG.

Hymns of Immanuel, selected from all Ages, with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Crown 8vo., toned paper, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. With Initial Letters and Ornaments, and handsomely bound.

"If works of a religious character are ever seasonable as gift-books, that time certainly is Christmas. Foremost among them we have 'Christ in Song' by Dr. Philip Schaff, a complete and carefully selected 'Lyra Christologica,' embracing the choicest hymns on the person and work of our Lord from all ages, denominations, and tongues."—*Times.*

Now Publishing, in 24 Two Shilling Monthly Parts,

GUIZOT (M.) THE HISTORY OF FRANCE,

From the Earliest Times to the year 1789. Related for the Rising Generation by M. GUIZOT, Author of "The History of the Civilization of Europe," &c. Translated from the French by ROBERT BLACK, M.A. With 100 full-page Engravings, and numerous smaller ones.

Morocco, £5 5s.

THE ABBEY AND PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

Forty Views with Letterpress Description, dedicated by permission to the Very Rev. DEAN STANLEY. Photographed by JOHN HARRINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

ABBOTT (J. S. C.) History of Frederick the Great, with numerous Illustrations. 8vo. *1l. 1s.*

About in the World, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Crown 8vo. bevelled cloth, 4th edition. *6s.*

Adamson (Rev. T. H.) The Gospel according to St. Matthew, expounded. 8vo. *12s.*

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE, author of "All Round the World," "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. Post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, new edition, *7s. 6d.*

Adventures on the Great Hunting Grounds of the World, translated from the French of Victor Meunier, with engravings, 2nd edition. *5s.*

"The book for all boys in whom the love of travel and adventure is strong. They will find here plenty to amuse them and much to instruct them besides."—*Times.*

Alcott (Miss) Old Fashioned Girl, best edition, small post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, *3s. 6d.*; Low's Copyright Series, *1s. 6d.*; cloth, *2s.*

——— **Camp and Fireside Stories.** Fcap. *3s. 6d.*

——— **Little Women.** Complete in 1 vol. fcap. *3s. 6d.*

——— **Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.** By the author of "Little Women." Small post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, *3s. 6d.*

The *Guardian* says of "Little Women," that it is—"A bright, cheerful, healthy story—with a tinge of thoughtful gravity about it which reminds one of John Bunyan. The *Athenæum* says of "Old-Fashioned Girl"—"Let whoever wishes to read a bright, spirited, wholesome story, get the 'Old Fashioned Girl' at once."

Among the Arabs, a Narrative of Adventures in Algeria, by G. NAPHEGYI, M. D., A. M. *7s. 6d.*

Andersen (Hans Christian) The Story of My Life. 8vo. *10s. 6d.*

——— **Fairy Tales,** with Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Royal 4to. cloth. *1l. 5s.*

Andrews (Dr.) Latin-English Lexicon. 13th edition. Royal 8vo. pp. 1,670, cloth extra. Price *18s.*

The superiority of this justly-famed Lexicon is retained over all others by the fulness of its Quotations, the including in the Vocabulary Proper Names, the distinguishing whether the Derivative is classical or otherwise, the exactness of the References to the Original Authors, and by the price.

"The best Latin Dictionary, whether for the scholar or advanced student."—*Spectator.*

"Every page bears the impress of industry and care."—*Athenæum.*

Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family, collected and edited by J. G. HODGINS, with Illustrations. New edition, revised by JOHN TIMBS. 5*s.*

Angell (J. K.) A Treatise on the Law of Highways. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Art, Pictorial and Industrial, Vol. I. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Audubon. A Memoir of John James Audubon, the Naturalist, edited by ROBERT BUCHANAN, with portrait. 2nd edition. 8vo. 15*s.*

Australian Tales, by the "Old Boomerang." Post 8vo. 5*s.*

BALDWIN (J. D.) Prehistoric Nations. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Bancroft's History of America. Library edition, 8 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* 16*s.*

——— **History of America,** Vol. IX. 8vo. 12*s.*

Barber (E. C.) The Crack Shot. Post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Barnes's (Rev. A.) Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the 19th Century. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Barnum (P. T.) Struggles and Triumphs. Crown 8vo. Fancy boards. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE BAYARD SERIES. Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, printed at the Chiswick Press, bound by Burn, flexible cloth extra, gilt leaves, with silk Headbands and Registers.

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. DE BERVILLE.

De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.

Abdallah; or, the Four Leaves. By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.

Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

The King and the Commons: a Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Song. Edited by Prof. MORLEY.

Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.

Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.

Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.

The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. De St. Beuve, of the French Academy.

Essays in Mosaic. By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

A suitable Case containing 12 volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separate, price 3s. 6d.

EXTRACTS FROM LITERARY NOTICES.

"The present series—taking its name from the opening volume, which contained a translation of the Knight without Fear and without Reproach—will really, we think, fill a void in the shelves of all except the most complete English libraries. These little square-shaped volumes contain, in a very manageable and pretty form, a great many things not very easy of access elsewhere, and some things for the first time brought together."—*Pall Mall Gazette.* "We have here two more volumes of the series appropriately called the 'Bayard,' as they certainly are 'sans reproche.' Of convenient size, with clear typography and tasteful binding, we know no other little volumes which make such good gift-books for persons of mature age."—*Examiner.* "St. Louis and his companions, as described by Joinville, not only in their glistening armour, but in their every-day attire, are brought nearer to us, become intelligible to us, and teach us lessons of humanity which we can learn from men only, and not from saints and heroes. Here lies the real value of real history. It widens our minds and our hearts, and gives us that true knowledge of the world and of human nature in all its phases which but few can gain in the short span of their own life, and in the narrow sphere of their friends and enemies. We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

Beecher (Henry Ward, D. D.) Life Thoughts. Complete in 1vol. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Beecher (Henry Ward, D.D.) Sermons Selected. 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

——— Norwood, or Village Life in New England. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— (Dr. Lyman) Life and Correspondence of. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Bees and Beekeeping. By the Times' Beemaster. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. New Edition, with additions. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Bell (Rev. C. D.) Faith in Earnest. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— Blanche Nevile. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s.*

Bellows (A. J.) The Philosophy of Eating. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— How not to be Sick, a Sequel to Philosophy of Eating. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Biart (L.) Adventures of a Young Naturalist. (See *Adventures.*)

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.

The following Editions are now ready:—

			s.	*d.*
No. 1. A	Small-type Edition, medium 32mo. cloth limp		0	6
No. 1. B	ditto	roan limp, red edges ..	1	0
No. 1. C	ditto	morocco limp, gilt edges ..	2	0
No. 2.	Second-size type, super-royal 32mo. cloth limp ..		1	0
No. 2. A	ditto	roan limp, red edges ..	2	0
No. 2. B	ditto	morocco limp, gilt edges ..	3	0
No. 3.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, red edges ..		2	6
No. 3. A	ditto	roan limp, red edges ..	3	6
No. 3. B	ditto	morocco limp, gilt edges ..	5	6
No. 4.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. with Introduction and Notes, cloth, red edges		3	6
No. 4. A	ditto	roan limp, red edges ..	4	6
No. 4. B	ditto	morocco, gilt edges ..	6	6
No. 5.	Crown 8vo. with accompanying Tunes to every Hymn, New Edition		3	0
No. 5. A	ditto	with Chants	4	0
No. 5. B	The Chants separately		1	6

No. 6. Penny Edition.

*** *A liberal allowance is made to Clergymen introducing the Hymnal.*

☞ THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, bound with THE HYMNAL COMPANION. 32mo. cloth, 9*d.* And in various superior bindings.

Bigelow (John) France and Hereditary Monarchy. 8vo. 3*s.*

Bishop (J. L.) History of American Manufacture. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 5*s.*

——— **(J. P.) First Book of the Law.** 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Blackburn (H.) Art in the Mountains: the Story of the Passion Play, with upwards of Fifty Illustrations. 8vo. 12*s.*

——— **Artists and Arabs.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Normandy Picturesque.** Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Travelling in Spain.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Travelling in Spain.** Guide Book Edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Pyrenees.** Summer Life at French Watering-Places. 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE. Royal 8vo. 18*s.*

Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone. New edition. Crown, 8vo. 6*s.*

"The reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale . . . . 'Lorna Doone' is a work of real excellence, and as such we heartily commend it to the public."—*Saturday Review.*

——— **Cradock Nowell.** 2nd and cheaper edition. 6*s.* [*In the press.*

——— **Clara Vaughan.** [*In the press.*

——— **Georgics of Virgil.** Small 4to. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Blackwell (E.) Laws of Life. New edition. Fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Boardman's Higher Christian Life. Fcp. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Bonwick (J.) Last of the Tasmanians. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Daily Life of the Tasmanians.** 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days.** 12mo. cloth. 5*s.*

Book of Common Prayer with the Hymnal Companion. 32mo. cloth. 8*d.*; bound 1*s.* And in various bindings.

Books suitable for School Prizes and Presents. (Fuller description of each book will be found in the alphabet.)

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **on Great Hunting Grounds.** 5*s.*
Alcott's Old Fashioned Girl. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Little Women.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Little Men.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
Anecdotes of the Queen. 5*s.*
Bayard Series (See Bayard.)
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. 6*s.*
Changed Cross (The). 2*s.* 6*d.*
Child's Play. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Christ in Song. 5*s.*
Craik (Mrs.) Little Sunshine's Holiday. 4*s.*
Craik (Miss) The Cousin from India. 4*s.*
Dana's Two Years before the Mast. 6*s.*
Erkman-Chatrian's, The Forest House. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Faith Gartney. 3*s.* 6*d.*; cloth boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Favourite English Poems. 300 Illustrations. 21*s.*
Franc's Emily's Choice. 5*s.*
—— **Marian.** 5*s.*
—— **Silken Cord.** 5*s.*
—— **Vermont Vale.** 5*s.*
—— **Minnie's Mission.** 4*s.*
Gayworthys (The). 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gentle Life, (Queen Edition). 10*s.* 6*d.*
Gentle Life Series. (*See* Alphabet).
Glover's Light of the Word. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hayes (Dr.) Cast Away in the Cold. 6*s.*
Healy (Miss) The Home Theatre. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Henderson's Latin Proverbs. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hugo's Toilers of the Sea. 10*s.* 6*d.*
" " " 6*s.*
Kingston's Ben Burton. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Kennan's Tent Life. 6*s.*
Lyra Sacra Americana. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Macgregor (John) Rob Roy Books. (*See* Alphabet.)
Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea. 6*s.*
Parisian Family. 5*s.*
Phelps (Miss) The Silent Partner. 5*s.*
Stowe (Mrs.) Pink and White Tyranny. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Old Town Folks.** Cloth extra 6*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Minister's Wooing.** 5*s.*; boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Pearl of Orr's Island.** 5*s.*

Books for School Prizes and Presents, *continued.*

Tauchnitz's German Authors. (*See* Tauchnitz.)
Twenty Years Ago. 4*s.*
Under the Blue Sky. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Whitney's (Mrs.) Books. (*See* Alphabet.)

Bowen (Francis) Principles of Political Economy. 8vo. 14*s.*

Bowles (T. G.) The Defence of Paris, narrated as it was Seen. 8vo. 14*s.*

Boynton (Charles B., D.D.) Navy of the United States, with Illustrations of the Ironclad Vessels. 8vo. 2 vols. 2*l.*

Bremer (Fredrika) Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Brett (E.) Notes on Yachts. Fcp. 6*s.*

Broke (Admiral Sir B. V. P., Bart., K.C.B.) Biography of. 2*l.*

Browne (J. R. Adventures in the Apache Country. Post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Burritt (E.) The Black Country and its Green Border Land: or, Expeditions and Explorations round Birmingham, Wolverhampton, &c. By ELIHU BURRITT. Second and cheaper edition. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— **A Walk from London to John O'Groat's, and from London to the Land's End and Back.** With Notes by the Way. By ELIHU BURRITT. Two vols. Price 6*s.* each, with Illustrations.

——— **The Lectures and Speeches of Elihu Burritt.** Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 6*s.*

Burroughs (John), *See* Wake Robin.

Bush (R. J.) Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes: a Journal of Siberian Travel. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bushnell's (Dr.) The Vicarious Sacrifice. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Nature and the Supernatural.** Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Christian Nurture.** 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Character of Jesus.** 6*d.*

——— **The New Life.** Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHANGED Cross (The) and other Religious Poems, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Child's Play, with 16 coloured drawings by E. V. B. An entirely new edition, printed on thick paper, with tints, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Child (F. J.) English and Scotch Ballads. A new edition, revised by the editor. 8 vols. fcp. 1*l.* 8*s.*

Choice Editions of Choice Books. New Editions. Illustrated by C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., Edward Duncan, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., George Hicks, R. Redgrave, R.A., C. Stonehouse, F. Taylor, George Thomas, H. J. Townshend, E. H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5*s.* each; mor. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.
Cundall's Elizabethan Poetry.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.
Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.
Milton's l'Allegro.
Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Tennyson's May Queen.
Weir's Poetry of Nature.
Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

Christ in Song. Hymns of Immanuel, selected from all Ages, with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Crown 8vo. toned paper, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. With Initial Letters and Ornaments and handsomely bound. New Edition. 5*s.*

Christabel. *See* Bayard Series.

Christmas Presents. *See* Illustrated Books.

Chronicles of Castle of Amelroy. 4to. With Photographic Illustrations. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Classified Catalogue of School, College, Technical, and General Educational Works in use in Great Britain, arranged according to subjects. In 1 vol. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coffin (G. C.) Our New Way Round the World. 8vo. 12*s.*

Coleridge (Sir J. D.) On Convents. 8vo. boards, 5*s.*

Commons Preservation (Prize Essays on), written in competition for Prizes offered by HENRY W. PEEK, Esq. 8vo. 14*s.*

Cradock Nowell. *See* Blackmore.

Craik (Mrs.), Little Sunshine's Holiday (forming Vol. 1. of the John Halifax Series of Girls' Books. Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

——— **(Georgiana M.) The Cousin from India,** forming Vol. 2. of John Halifax Series. Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

——— **Hero Trevelyan.** 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

Craik's American Millwright and Miller. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Cronise (Titus F.) The Natural Wealth of California, comprising Early History, Geography, Climate, Commerce, Agriculture, Mines, Manufactures, Railroads, Statistics, &c. &c. Imp. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Cummins (Maria S.) Haunted Hearts (Low's Copyright Series). 16mo. boards. 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

DALTON (J. C.) **A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene for Schools, Families, and Colleges,** with numerous Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dana ( ) **Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-four years After.** New Edition, with Notes and Revisions. 12mo. 6*s.*

Darley (Felix O. C.) **Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil,** with 84 Illustrations on Wood. Small 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Daughter (A) of Heth, by WM. BLACK. Seventh Edition. 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Dawson (Professor) **Archaia.** Post 8vo. 6*s.*

Devonshire Hamlets; Hamlet 1603, Hamlet 1604. I Vol. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Draper (John W.) **Human Physiology.** Illustrated with more than 300 Woodcuts from Photographs, &c. Royal 8vo. cloth extra. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Dream Book (The) with 12 Drawings in facsimile by E. V. B. Med. 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Duplais and McKennie, Treatise on the Manufacture and Distillation of Alcoholic Liquors. With numerous Engravings. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Duplessis (G.) Wonders of Engraving. With numerous Illustrations and Photographs. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dussauce (Professor H.) A New and Complete Treatise on the Art of Tanning. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

——— **General Treatise on the Manufacture of Vinegar.** 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

ENGLISH **Catalogue (The), 1835 to 1863,** Amalgamating the London and the British Catalogues. Med. 8vo. half-morocco. 2*l.* 5*s.*

——— **Supplements, 1863, 1864, 1865,** 3*s.* 6*d.* each; 1866, 1867, 1868, 5*s.* each.

——— **Writers,** Chapters for Self-improvement in English Literature; by the author of "The Gentle Life." 6*s.*

Erckmann-Chatrian, Forest House and Catherine's Lovers. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

FAITH GARTNEY'S Girlhood, by the Author of "The Gayworthys." Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Favourite English Poems. New and Extended Edition, with 300 illustrations. Small 4to. 21*s.*

Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills. Enlarged Edition, sewed. 1*s.*

Fletcher (Rev. J. C.) and Kidder (Rev. D. P.) Brazil and the Brazilians. New Edition, with 150 Illustrations and supplementary matter. 8vo. 18*s.*

Franc (Maude Jeane) Emily's Choice, an Australian Tale. 1 vol. small post 8vo. With a Frontispiece by G. F. ANGAS. 5*s.*

——— Marian, or the Light of Some One's Home. Fcp. 3rd Edition, with Frontispiece. 5*s.*

——— Silken Cords and Iron Fetters. 5*s.*

——— Vermot Vale. Small post 4to., with Frontispiece. 5*s.*

——— Minnie's Mission. Small post 8vo., with Frontispiece. 4*s.*

Friswell (J. H.) Familiar Words, 2nd Edition. 6*s.*

——— Other People's Windows. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— One of Two. 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

GAYWORTHYS (The), a Story of New England Life. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES. Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, handsomely bound, forming suitable Volumes for Presents. Price 6*s.* each; or in calf extra, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

I.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. Tenth Edition.

"His notion of a gentleman is of the noblest and truest order. A little compendium of cheerful philosophy."—*Daily News.*

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers Journal.*

II.

About in the World. Essays by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some happy idea."—*Morning Post.*

III.

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Second Edition.

"Evinces independent scholarship, and a profound feeling for the original."—*Nonconformist.*

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen."—*Illustrated London News.*

IV.

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. Second and enlarged Edition.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries.*

"Will add to the author's credit with all honest workers."—*Examiner.*

V.

Essays by Montaigne. Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portrait. Second Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book; and who can refuse his homage to the good-humoured industry of the editor."—*Illustrated Times.*

VI.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney. Edited, with Notes, by the Author of "The Gentle Life." Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Derby. *7s. 6d.*

"All the best things in the Arcadia are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition.—*Examiner.*

VII.

The Gentle Life. Second Series. Third Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News.*

VIII.

Varia: Readings from Rare Books. Reprinted, by permission, from the *Saturday Review, Spectator,* &c.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, and the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public for having rendered their treasures available to the general reader."—*Observer.*

IX.

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Second Edition.

"All who possess the 'Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard.*

X.

Essays on English writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"The author has a distinct purpose and a proper and noble ambition to win the young to the pure and noble study of our glorious English literature. To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner.*

XI.

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Second Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post.*

German Primer; being an Introduction to First Steps in German. By M. T. PREW. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Girdlestone (C.) Christendom. 12mo. 3*s.*

——— **Family Prayers.** 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Glover (Rev. R.) The Light of the Word. Third Edition. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Goethe's Faust. With Illustrations by Konewka. Small 4to. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

Gouffé: The Royal Cookery Book. By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, head pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates, beautifully printed in colours, together with 161 woodcuts. 8vo. Coth extra, gilt edges. 2*l.* 2*s.*

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

——— **The Book of Preserves;** or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meat, Fish salt and smoked, Terrines, Gelatines, Vegetables, Fruits, Confitures, Syrups, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits Fours, Bonbons, &c. &c. By JULES GOUFFE, Head Cook of the Paris Jockey Club, and translated and adapted by hi sbrother ALPHONSE GOUFFE, Head Pastrycook to her Majesty the Queen, translator and editor of "The Royal Cookery Book." 1 vol. royal 8vo., containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Gough (J. B.) The Autobiography and Reminiscences of John B. Gough. 8vo. Cloth, 12*s.*

Grant, General, Life of. 8vo. 12*s.*

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Royal 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. In Parts, 2*s.* each (to be completed in about twenty parts).

Guyon (Mad.) Life. By Upham. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Method of Prayer.** Foolscap. 1*s.*

HALL (E. H.) The Great West; Handbook for Emigrants and Settlers in America. With a large Map of routes, railways, and steam communication, complete to present time. Boards, 1*s.*

Harrington (J.) Pictures of Saint George's Chapel, Windsor. Photographs. 4to. 63*s.*

Harrington's Abbey and Palace of Westminster. Photographs. 5*l.* 5*s.*

Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East. New Edition. Post 8vo. Morocco tuck, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Hawthorne (Mrs. N.) Notes in England and Italy. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hayes (Dr.) Cast Away in the Cold; an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures. By Dr. I. ISAAC HAYES, Author of "The Open Polar Sea." With numerous Illustrations. Gilt edges, 6*s.*

Hazlitt (William) The Round Table; the Best Essays of WILLIAM HAZLITT, with Biographical Introduction (Bayard Series). 2*s.* 6*d.*

Healy (M.) Shadow and Substance. A Novel. 3 Vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Home Theatre.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Henderson (A.) Latin Proverbs and Quotations; with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to., 530 pp. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"A very handsome volume in its typographical externals, and a very useful companion to those who, when a quotation is aptly made, like to trace it to its source, to dwell on the minutiæ of its application, and to find it illustrated with choice parallel passages from English and Latin authors."—*Times.*

"A book well worth adding to one's library."—*Saturday Review.*

Hearth Ghosts. By the Author of 'Gilbert Rugge.' 3 Vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Heber's (Bishop) Illustrated Edition of Hymns. With upwards of 100 Designs engraved in the first style of art under the superintendence of J. D. COOPER. Small 4to. Handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d*

Hitherto. By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition. 6*s.*

Hoge—Blind Bartimæus. Popular edition. 1*s.*

Holmes (Oliver W.) The Guardian Angel; a Romance. 2 vols. 16*s.*

——— (Low's Copyright Series.) Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.** 12mo. 1*s.*; Illustrated edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Professor at the Breakfast Table.** 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Songs in Many Keys.** Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Mechanism in Thought and Morals.** 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Home Theatre (The), by MARY HEALY. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Homespun, or Twenty Five Years Ago in America, by THOMAS LACKLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hoppin (Jas. M.) Old Country, its Scenery, Art, and People. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Howell (W. D.) Italian Journeys. 12mo. cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hugo's Toilers of the Sea. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*; fancy boards, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Illustrated Edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hunt (Leigh) and S. A. Lee, Elegant Sonnets, with Essay on Sonneteers. 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.*

——— **Day by the Fire.** Fcap. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Huntington (J.D., D.D.) Christian Believing. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. *See* Bickersteth.

Ice, a Midsummer Night's Dream. Small Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, suitable for Christmas, Birthday, or Wedding Presents. (The full titles of which will be found in the Alphabet.)

Anderson's Fairy Tales. 25*s.*
Werner (Carl) Nile Sketches. 3*l.* 10*s.*
Gœthe's Faust illustrations by P. KONEWKA. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Illustrated Books, *continued.*

Art, Pictorial and Industrial. Vol. I. 31*s.* 6*d.*
St. George's Chapel, Windsor.
Favourite English Poems. 21*s.*
The Abbey and Palace of Westminster. 5*l.* 5*s.*
Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Blackburn's Art in the Mountains. 12*s.*
—— **Artists and Arabs.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Normandy Picturesque.** 16*s.*
—— **Travelling in Spain.** 16*s.*
—— **The Pyrenees.** 18*s.*
Bush's Reindeer, Dogs, &c. 12*s.* 6*d.*
Duplessis' Wonders of Engraving. 12*s.* 6*d.*
Viardot, Wonders of Sculpture. 12*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Wonders of Italian Art.** 12*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Wonders of European Art.** 12*s.* 6*d.*
Sauzay's Wonders of Glass Making 12*s.* 6*d.*
Fletcher and Kidder's Brazil. 18*s.*
Gouffe's Royal Cookery Book. Coloured plates. 42*s.*
—— **Ditto.** Popular edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Book of Preserves.** 10*s.* 6*d.*
Heber (Bishop) Hymns. Illustrated edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Christian Lyrics.
Milton's Paradise Lost. (Martin's plates). 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
Palliser (Mrs.) History of Lace. 21*s.*
—— **Historic Devices, &c.** 21*s.*
Red Cross Knight (The). 25*s.*
Dream Book, by E. V. B. 21*s.* 6*d.*
Schiller's Lay of the Bell. 14*s.*
Peaks and Valleys of the Alps. 6*l.* 6*s.*

Index to the Subjects of Books published in the United Kingdom during the last 20 years. 8vo. Half-morocco. 1*l.* 6*s.*

In the Tropics. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

JACK HAZARD, a Story of Adventure by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Numerous illustrations, small post. 3*s.* 6*d.*

KAVANAGH'S Origin of Language. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Kedge Anchor, or Young Sailor's Assistant, by WM. BRADY. 8vo. 16*s.*

Kennan (G.) Tent Life in Siberia. 3rd edition. 6*s.*

"We strongly recommend the work as one of the most entertaining volumes of travel that has appeared of late years."—*Athenæum.*

"We hold our breath as he details some hair-breadth escape, and burst into fits of irresistible laughter over incidents full of humour.—*Spectator.*

——— **Journey through the Caucasian Mountains.** 8vo. cloth. [*In the press.*

Kent (Chancellor) Commentaries on American Law. 11th edition. 4 vols. 8vo. £1. 10*s.*

Kilmeney, by WM. BLACK. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Kingston (W. H. G.) Ben Burton, or Born and Bred at Sea. Fcap. with Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LANG (J. D.) The Coming Event. 8vo. 12*s.*

Lascelles (Arthur) The Coffee Grower's Guide. Post. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Lee (G. R.) Memoirs of the American Revolutionary War. 8vo. 16*s.*

Like unto Christ. A new translation of the "De Imitatione Christi," usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. Second Edition. 6*s.*

Little Gerty, by the author of "The Lamplighter. Fcap. 6*d.*

Little Men. See **Alcott.**

Little Preacher. 32mo. 1*s.*

Little Women. See **Alcott.**

Little Sunshine's Holiday. *See* Craik (Mrs.)

Log of my Leisure Hours. By an Old Sailor. Cheaper Edition. 5*s.*

Longfellow (H. W.) The Poets and Poetry of Europe. New Edition. 8vo. cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Loomis (Elias). Recent Progress of Astronomy. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Practical Astronomy.** 8vo. 8*s.*

Lorna Doone. *See* **Blackmore.**

Lost amid the Fogs: Sketches of Life in Newfoundland. By Lieut.-Col. R. B. MCCREA. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Low's Copyright Cheap Editions of American Authors, comprising Popular Works, reprinted by arrangement with their Authors:—

1. **Haunted Hearts.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
2. **The Guardian Angel.** By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
3. **The Minister's Wooing.** By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
4. **Views Afoot.** By BAYARD TAYLOR.
5. **Kathrina, Her Life and Mine.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
6. **Hans Brinker:** or, Life in Holland. By Mrs. DODGE.
7. **Men, Women, and Ghosts.** By Miss PHELPS.
8. **Society and Solitude.** By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
9. **Hedged In.** By ELIZABETH PHELPS.
10. **An Old-Fashioned Girl.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
11. **Faith Gartney.**
12. **Stowe's Old Town Folks.** 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 3*s.*
13. **Lowell's Study Windows.**
14. **My Summer in a Garden.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Each volume complete in itself, price 1*s.* 6*d.* enamelled flexible cover; 2*s.* cloth.

Low's Monthly Bulletin of American and Foreign Publications, forwarded regularly. Subscription 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum.

Low's Minion Series of Popular Books. 1*s.* each:—

The Gates Ajar. (The original English Edition.)
Who is He?
The Little Preacher.
The Boy Missionary.

Low (Sampson, Jun.) The Charities of London. A Guide to 750 Institutions. New Edition. 5*s.*

——— **Handbook to the Charities of London,** for the year 1867. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Ludlow (FitzHugh). The Heart of the Continent. 8vo. cloth. 14*s.*

Lyra Sacra Americana. Gems of American Poetry, selected and arranged, with Notes and Biographical Sketches, by C. D. CLEVELAND, D. D., author of the "Milton Concordance." 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

MACGREGOR (John, M. A.) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic. Third Edition, small post, 8vo. 5*s.*

——— **A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy"** Canoe. Eleventh Edition. Small post, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe,** with plans, &c. 1*s.*

Macgregor (John M. A.) The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy." Second Edition. Small post, 8vo. 5*s.*

Mackay (Dr.) Under the Blue Sky. Open-air Studies of Men and Nature. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.*

March (A.) Anglo-Saxon Reader. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language.** 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Marcy, (R. B.) Thirty Years of Army Life. Royal 8vo. 12*s.*

——— **Prairie and Overland Traveller.** 2*s.* 6*d.*

Marsh (George P.) Man and Nature. 8vo. 14*s.*

——— **Origin and History of the English Language.** 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Lectures on the English Language.** 8vo. 16*s.*

Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology. Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work; with illustrative Charts and Diagrams. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

McCrea (Col.) Lost amid the Fogs. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Queer Things of the Service. [*In the press.*

McMullen's History of Canada. 8vo. 6*s.*

Mercier (Rev. L.) Outlines of the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15*s.*

Milton's Complete Poetical Works; with Concordance by W. D. Cleveland. New Edition. 8vo. 12*s.*; morocco 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— **Paradise Lost, with the original Steel Engravings of** John Martin. Printed on large paper, royal 4to. handsomely bound. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Missionary Geography (The); a Manual of Missionary Operations in all parts of the World, with Map and Illustrations. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Monk of Monk's Own. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Montaigne's Essays. *See* Gentle Life Series.

Mountain (Bishop) Life of. By his Son. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

My Summer in a Garden. See Warner.

NEW Testament. The Authorized English Version; with the various Readings from the most celebrated Manuscripts, including the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrian MSS., in English. With Notes by the Editor, Dr. TISCHENDORF. The whole revised and carefully collected for the Thousandth Volume of Baron Tauchnitz's Collection. Cloth flexible, gilt edges, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cheaper style, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Norris (T.) American Fish Culture. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing to Wear, and Two Millions. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1*s.*

OLD Fashioned Girl. See Alcott.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Second Edition. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times.*

——— Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Parsons (T.) A Treatise on the Law of Marine Insurance and General Average. By Hon. THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 2 vols. 8vo 3*l.*

Parisian Family. From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT; by Author of "John Halifax." Fcap. 5*s.*

"The feeling of the story is so good, the characters are so clearly marked, there is such freshness and truth to nature in the simple incidents recorded, that we have been allured on from page to page without the least wish to avail ourselves of a privilege permitted sometimes to the reviewer, and to skip a portion of the narrative."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Parton (J.) Smoking and Drinking. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Peaks and Valleys of the Alps. From Water-Colour Drawings by ELIJAH WALTON. Chromo-lithographed by J. H. LOWES, with Descriptive Text by the Rev. T. G. BONNEY, M.A., F.G.S. Folio, half-morocco, with 21 large Plates. Original subscription, 8 guineas. A very limited edition only now issued. Price 6 guineas.

Phelps (Miss) Gates Ajar. 32mo. 1*s.*; 6*d.*; 4*d.*

——— **Men, Women, and Ghosts.** 12mo. Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Hedged In.** 12mo. Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Silent Partner.** 5*s.*

Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Plutarch's Lives. An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

"'Plutarch's Lives' will yet be read by thousands, and in the version of Mr. Clough."—*Quarterly Review.*

"Mr. Clough's work is worthy of all praise, and we hope that it will tend to revive the study of Plutarch."—*Times.*

——— **Morals.** Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Poe (E. A.) The Poetical Works of. Illustrated by eminent Artists. An entirely New Edition. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Poems of the Inner Life. Post 8vo. 8*s.*; morocco, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Poor (H. V.) Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1868-9; Showing their Mileage, Stocks, Bonds, Cost, Earnings, Expenses, and Organisations, with a Sketch of their Rise, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 16*s.*

Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. ST. BEUVE. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature; giving a transcript of the title-page of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses

Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8*s.* per annum.

RASSELAS, Prince of Abyssinia. By Dr. JOHNSON. With Introduction by the Rev. WILLIAM WEST, Vicar of Nairn. (Bayard Series). 2*s.* 6*d.*

Recamier (Madame) Memoirs and Correspondence of. Translated from the French, and Edited by J. M. LUYSTER. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Red Cross Knight (The). *See* Spenser.

Reid (W.) After the War. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reindeer, Dogs, &c. *See* Bush.

Reminiscences of America in 1869, by Two Englishmen. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6d.

Rogers (S.) Pleasures of Memory. See "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 5*s.*

SAUZAY, (A.) Marvels of Glass Making. Numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Lord Lytton. With 42 illustrations after Retsch. Oblong 4to. 14*s.*

School Books. *See* Classified.

School Prizes. *See* Books.

Seaman (Ezra C.) Essays on the Progress of Nations in civilization, productive history, wealth, and population; illustrated by statistics. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sedgwick, (J.) Treatise on the Measure of Damages. 8vo. 1*l.* 18*s.*

Shadow and Substance. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.* *See* Healy (M).

Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets, selected by J. HOWARD STAUNTON; with 36 exquisite drawings by JOHN GILBERT. See "Choice Series." 5*s.*

Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sidney (Sir Philip) The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, edited, with notes, by the author of "Gentle Life," 7*s.* 6*d.* Large paper edition. 12*s.*

Silent Hour (The), Essays original and selected, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Second edition. 6*s.*

Silent Partner. *See* Phelps.

Silliman (Benjamin) Life of, by G. P. FISHER. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Simson (W.) A History of the Gipsies, with specimens of the Gipsy Language. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Smiley (S. F.) Who is He? 32mo. 1*s.*

Smith and Hamilton's French Dictionary. 2 vols. Cloth, 21*s.*; half roan, 22*s.*

Snow Flakes, and what they told the Children, beautifully printed in colours. Cloth extra, bevelled boards. 5*s.*

Spayth (Henry) The American Draught-Player. 2nd edition. 12mo. 8*s.*

Spenser's Red Cross Knight, illustrated with 12 original drawings in facsimile. 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Steele (Thos.) Under the Palms. A Volume of Verse. By THOMAS STEELE, translator of "An Eastern Love Story." Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 5*s.*

Stewart (D.) Outlines of Moral Philosophy, by Dr. McCosh. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stories of the Great Prairies, from the Novels of J. F. COOPER. With numerous illustrations. 5*s.*

Stories of the Woods, from J. F. COOPER. 5*s.*

——— **Sea,** from J. F. COOPER. 5*s.*

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, or 18 Photographs with descriptive Letterpress, by JOHN HARRINGTON. Imp. 4to.

Story without an End, from the German of Carové, by the late MRS. SARAH T. AUSTIN, crown 4to. with 15 exquisite drawings by E. V. B., printed in colours in facsimile of the original water colours, and numerous other illustrations. 12*s.*; morocco, 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— square, with illustrations by HARVEY. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **of the Great March,** a Diary of General Sherman's Campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas. Numerous illustrations. 12mo. cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher). Dred. Tauchnitz edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Geography,** with 60 illustrations. Square cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— **House and Home Papers.** 12mo. boards, 1*s.*; cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Little Foxes.** Cheap edition, 1*s.*; library edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Men of our Times,** with portrait. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Minister's Wooing.** 5*s.*; copyright series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Old Town Folk.** 2*s.* 6*d.*

"This story must make its way, as it is easy to predict it will, by its intrinsic merits."—*Times.*

"A novel of great power and beauty, and something more than a mere novel—we mean that it is worth thoughtful people's reading. . . It is a finished literary work, and will well repay the reading."—*Literary Churchman.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Pink and White Tyranny. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Queer Little People.** 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Religious Poems**; with illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Chimney Corner.** 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Pearl of Orr's Island.** Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

——— **Little Pussey Willow.** Fcap. 2*s.*

——— **(Professor Calvin E.) The Origin and History of the Books of the New Testament, Canonical and Apocryphal.** 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

STORY'S (JUSTICE) WORKS:

Commentaries on the Law of Agency, as a Branch of Commercial and Maritime Jurisprudence. 6th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on the Law of Bailments. 7th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Foreign and Inland, as administered in England and America. 4th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, Foreign and Domestic, in regard to Contracts, Rights, and Remedies, and especially in regard to Marriages, Divorces, Wills, Successions, and Judgments. 6th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.*

Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States; with a Preliminary Review of the Constitutional History of the Colonies and States before the adoption of the Constitution. 3rd Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Commentaries on the Law of Partnership as a branch of Commercial and Maritime Jurisprudence. 6th Edition by E. H. Bennett. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on the Law of Promissory Notes, and Guarantees of Notes and Cheques on Banks and Bankers. 6th Edition; by E. H. Bennett. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Treatise on the Law of Contracts. By William W. Story. 4th Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Treatise on the Law of Sales of Personal Property. 3rd Edition, edited by Hon. J. C. Perkins. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on Equity Pleadings and the Incidents relating thereto, according to the Practice of the Courts of Equity of England and America. 7th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence as administered in England and America. 9th Edition. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Suburban Sketches, by the Author of "Venetian Life." Post 8vo. 6*s.*

Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the Author of "The Gayworthys," Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Swiss Family Robinson, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

TAUCHNITZ'S English Editions of German Authors. Each volume cloth flexible, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* The following are now ready:—

1. **On the Heights.** By B. AUERBACH. 3 vols.
2. **In the Year '13.** By FRITZ REUTER. 1 vol.
3. **Faust.** By GOETHE. 1 vol.
4. **Undine, and other Tales.** By Fouqué. 1 vol.
5. **L'Arrabiata.** By PAUL HEYSE. 1 vol.
6. **The Princess, and other Tales.** By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. 1 vol.
7. **Lessing's Nathan the Wise.**
8. **Hacklander's Behind the Counter,** translated by MARY HOWITT.
9. **Three Tales.** By W. HAUFF.
10. **Joachim *v.* Kamern; Diary of a Poor Young Lady.** By M. NATHUSIUS.
11. **Poems by Ferdinand Freiligrath.** Edited by his daughter.
12. **Gabriel.** From the German of PAUL HEYSE. By ARTHUR MILMAN.
13. **The Dead Lake, and other Tales.** By P. HEYSE.
14. **Through Night to Light.** By GUTZKOW.
15. **Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.** By JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Tauchnitz (B.) German and English Dictionary, Paper, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*; roan, 2*s.*

——— **French and English.** Paper 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Italian and English.** Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Spanish and English.** Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **New Testament.** Cloth, 2*s.*; gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.* *See* **New Testament.**

Taylor (Bayard) The Byeways of Europe; Visits by Unfrequented Routes to Remarkable Places. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot." 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Story of Kennett.** 2 vols. 16*s.*

——— **Hannah Thurston.** 3 vols. 1*l.* 4*s.*

——— **Travels in Greece and Russia.** Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Northern Europe.** Post 8vo. Cloth, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor (Bayard). Egypt and Central Africa.

——— **A Summer in Colorado.** Post 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

——— **Joseph and his Friend.** Post 8vo. *10s. 6d.*

——— **Views Afoot.** Enamelled boards, *1s. 6d.*; cloth, *2s.* *See* Low's Copyright Edition.

Tennyson's May Queen; choicely Illustrated from designs by the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE. Crown 8vo. See "Choice Series." *5s.*

Thomson (W. M.) The Land and the Book. With 300 Illustrations. 2 vols. *1l. 1s.*

Tischendorf (Dr.) The New Testament. *See* New Testament.

Townsend (John) A Treatise on the Wrongs called Slander and Libel, and on the remedy, by civil action, for these wrongs. 8vo. *1l. 10s.*

Twenty Years Ago. (Forming Volume 3 of the John Halifax Series of Girls' Books). Small post 8vo. *4s.*

Twining (Miss) Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants, with Groups and Descriptions. By ELIZABETH TWINING. Reduced from the folio edition, splendidly illustrated in colours from nature. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. *5l. 5s.*

UNDER the Blue Sky. *See* Mackay.

Under the Palms. *See* Steele.

VANDENHOFF'S (George), Clerical Assistant. Fcap. *3s. 6d.*

——— **Ladies' Reader (The).** Fcap. *5s.*

Varia; Rare Readings from Scarce Books, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Reprinted by permission from the "Saturday Review," "Spectator," &c. *6s.*

Vaux (Calvert). Villas and Cottages, a new edition, with 300 designs. 8vo. *15s.*

Viardot (L.) Wonders of Italian Art, numerous photographic and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. *12s. 6d.*

——— **Wonders of Painting,** numerous photographs and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. *12s. 6d.*

——— **Wonders of Sculpture.** Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. *12s. 6d.*

WAKE ROBIN; a Book about Birds, by JOHN BURROUGHS. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden. Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.* (Low's Copyright Series.)

We Girls; a Home Story, by the author of "Gayworthys." 3*s.* 6*d.*

Webster (Daniel) Life of, by GEO. T. CURTIS. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. 36*s.*

Werner (Carl), Nile Sketches, 6 Views, with Letterpress. In Portfolio, Imperial Folio. 3*l.* 10*s.*

Wheaton (Henry) Elements of International Law, edited by DANA. New edition. Imp. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

Where is the City? 12mo. cloth. 6*s.*

White (J.) Sketches from America. 8vo. 12*s.*

White (R. G.) Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare. Post 8vo. Cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whitney (Mrs.), The Gayworthys. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Faith Gartney.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* And in Low's Cheap Series, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

——— **Hitherto.** Small post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— **Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **We Girls.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Whyte (J. W. H.) A Land Journey from Asia to Europe. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wonders of Sculpture. *See* Viardot.

Worcester's (Dr.), New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language. Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to. cloth, 1,834 pp. Price 31*s.* 6*d.* well bound; ditto, half russia, 2*l.* 2*s.*

"The volumes before us show a vast amount of diligence; but with Webster it is diligence in combination with fancifulness,—with Worcester in combination with good sense and judgment. Worcester's is the soberer and safer book, and may be pronounced the best existing English Lexicon."—*Athenæum.*

Words of Wellington, Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections of the Great Duke, gathered from his Despatches, Letters, and Speeches (Bayard Series). 2*s.* 6*d.*

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.